

DECEMBER 22, 1883

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 734.—VOL. XXVIII.

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THE GRAPHIC

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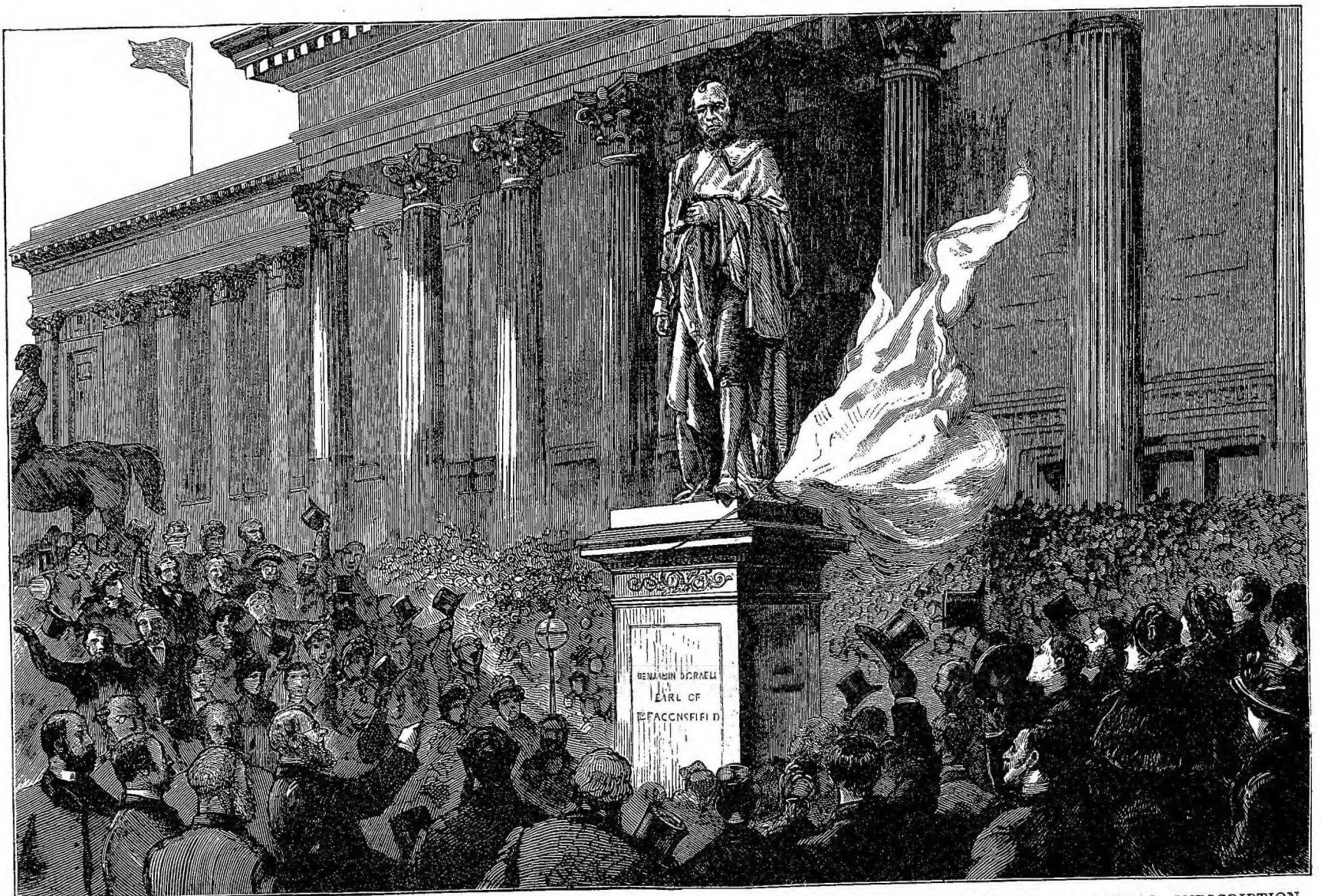
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WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS [PRICE SIXPENCE
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NOTES AT THE BULL DOG SHOW



THE UNVEILING BY SIR RICHARD CROSS OF THE NEW STATUE OF LORD BEACONSFIELD, ERECTED BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION
IN FRONT OF ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL

Topics of the Week

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND MR. GLADSTONE.—Whatever may be Lord Randolph Churchill's faults, he cannot be accused of being dull. He never speaks without exciting either amusement or surprise, and he is not deterred from making "points" by the dread of embarrassing his friends. In the first of his two speeches at Edinburgh he gave a very romantic account of the origin of the war in Egypt; and his proposed remedies for social and political evils in that country were certainly neither tame nor commonplace. In the first place, Lord Randolph Churchill advises the expulsion, bag and baggage, of the Khédive and all his Oriental counsellors. In the next place he advocates the recall of the exiles from Ceylon, the resuscitation of the National party, and the formation of "a genuine popular Government." He urges that the Egyptian debt should be rearranged and reduced, and that a clear sweep should be made of the debts of the fellahen; and, as if all this were not enough, he would place Egypt "under the guarantee and guardianship of United Europe." Some of these counsels are wild enough, and we may doubt whether the speech in which they were set forth was read with much pleasure by any of the Conservative leaders. It would not be easy for Mr. Gladstone, however, to give a perfectly consistent and logical answer to Lord Randolph Churchill. When Lord Beaconsfield was in power Mr. Gladstone had no difficulty in formulating the rights of nationalities which wish to be independent. On this question he poured forth floods of eloquence, and for those who ventured to suggest that his large principles were, perhaps, subject to some necessary limitations he expressed immeasurable scorn. Plain people—and among them many Radicals—find it hard to understand how a statesman who held such decided opinions was able to convince himself of the expediency of crushing a movement in Egypt which, whether wise or not, undoubtedly represented the wishes of the majority of the native population. Arabi claimed nothing for his country that had not been claimed for Bulgaria, with the vehement approval of Mr. Gladstone, by Bulgarian rebels against Turkish authority.

"INVINCIBLE" THREATS.—Some future generation may, perhaps, find it difficult to comprehend how Mr. Gladstone, one of the most powerful and popular Ministers of the century, idolised by admiring crowds, who thronged to hear him read the Lessons, or see him cut down a tree, nevertheless lived in imminent danger of assassination, and had to be guarded by a special police force. Posterity may deem the statement incredible, but we contemporaries are unfortunately too well aware that it is true. There is probably not an Englishman, Scotchman, or Welshman living who would willingly lay violent hands on the Premier, however much they may dislike his policy. But the same cannot be said of the Irish. There is a section of the Irish—especially of the American Irish—who regard murder and outrage as justifiable engines of political progress. Stranger than all, they can cite in support of these views no less a personage than the Premier himself, who, in a speech which is only too well remembered, said that Church and Land Reform in Ireland were indirectly due to the Fenian atrocities of 1867. Not only, however, is the Premier thus "hoist with his own petard," but the "Invincible" machinations are directed against the entire British community, the humbler classes, who should least deserve to be made the targets of Fenian hatred, not being excepted. This was clearly shown by the Underground Railway explosions, where scores of people might have been slaughtered instead of only a few being maimed, had the conspirators managed their hellish plot somewhat more skilfully. Mr. Lowell returned a very unsatisfactory reply to the remonstrances of the railway employés. We do not blame him personally. His position is a difficult one, but the Government of the United States could, if they pleased, do much more than they do to prevent the hatching of these plots, which undoubtedly are chiefly organised in the United States. Some day, perhaps, when Socialism and Nihilism are more fully developed in their own country, the Americans may regret their present apathy, just as we now perceive the folly of that clap-trap about "political asylums" which caused the failure of the prosecution of the men who were trying to murder the late Emperor of the French.

DRINK TO POSTMEN.—In spite of annual cautions from the Post Office authorities, there are people who will persist in offering drink to postmen on the morning of Christmas Day. This is mostly done in the poorer quarters; but it is also done in the richer quarters by householders' servants, who probably do not reflect on what a miserable Christmas they may be preparing for the victims of their foolish liberality. Last Christmas Day a young postman in one of the West End districts was seen hopelessly drunk at nine o'clock in the morning. He was clinging to some area railings, and crying in his misery at feeling himself drunk and unable to continue his delivery. In another district a postman, whom intoxication had made reckless, was detected throwing away letters by the handful. In both cases, we believe, compassionate policemen took the offenders in charge, and, by delivering their letters for them, saved them from the

worst consequences of their misconduct. But these consequences might have been disastrous, and we must add that policemen as well as postmen have sometimes been seen drunk on their beats. Cabmen, too, are great sufferers by that convivial spirit which is abroad on Christmas morning. A glass here, a glass there; gin cold at one house, brandy hot at another, with a pint of ale or two to ferment the mixture; and thus we have a postman who may spend his New Year in gaol, a policeman who will forfeit his character and situation, or a cabman who at about the time when decent people are going to church will be seen driving his horse like a madman to the common terror. Let us hope that there will be fewer of such scenes this year, and that the Christmas text of "Goodwill towards Men" will be read aright by those who from thoughtlessness have sadly misconstrued it on former occasions.

ENGLISH MEDIATION.—There seems to be no doubt that the French people are becoming more and more unwilling to enter upon a war with China. When the troubles in Tonkin began they were confident that the Chinese Government would sooner or later yield anything they might choose to demand; and they fancied that even if a conflict were inevitable they would not have much difficulty in imposing their will on a semi-barbarous Power. Now they have discovered that on both these points they were mistaken, and that, after all, they acted unwisely in resenting and despising the warnings of English politicians. China does not manifest the slightest disposition to submit to French dictation, and she has shown that although she might be unable to overcome France, she would not be unable to defend with vigour what she conceives to be her rights. In these circumstances France has begun to ask whether the matters in dispute might not be submitted to arbitration; and the Marquis Tseng lets it be known that to this course China would offer no objection. Both countries appear to be of opinion that England would be the most trustworthy mediator, and if they apply for her aid it is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone's Government will not hesitate to grant their request. True, France has treated us rather badly for some time; but it is almost as important for us as for her that a Franco-Chinese war should, if possible, be prevented. There is good reason to believe that Lord Granville would be able to play successfully the part of the honest broker. China does not absolutely refuse to make concessions, and a decision by England, representing the opinion of the civilised world, she might accept without loss of dignity.

TEMPERANCE AND TEETOTALISM.—We are quite as desirous as is Dr. Dawson Burns to mitigate the evils caused by intemperance, but we are bound to say that, in the discussion at Exeter Hall between himself and Mr. Haig, the wine and spirit dealer had the best of it. The question propounded was, "Is the sale of intoxicating liquors as beverages consistent with Christian principles?" In other words, "Are publicans necessarily sinners?" Dr. Burns used an argument familiar to teetotalers, but for which there is really no warrant, namely, that there are two sorts of wine referred to in the Bible, firstly, the pure and unfermented juice of the grape, and secondly, the liquor which King Solomon says "biteth like a serpent." We cannot accept this view; we believe that all the wine spoken of in the Bible was alcoholic, and therefore intoxicating. Mr. Haig, too, was not so accurate as he ought to have been when he observed that he himself had drunk wine at his dinner that day, but no one could say that he was intoxicated. Now, as every drop of alcohol is intoxicating, in a certain sense Mr. Haig was intoxicated. For the difference is in degree, not in kind, between the mild exhilaration caused by half a glass of claret and the downright poisoning of a prolonged debauch. Mr. Haig made a good point in his references to the Jews. The Jews do not abstain from strong liquors, and yet they are rarely found suffering from the poverty and degradation produced by habits of excessive drinking. This is a very curious question, and deserves the most minute investigation, for if we could place other people in the position of the Jews there would be no need for such a drastic remedy as total abstinence. But as Christians (so-called) seem devoid of that spirit of self-control which characterises the Jew, we are constrained to advocate total abstinence for working people, not so much for health's sake as for the sake of economy. It is much more difficult for a working lad than for a gentleman to be moderate in drink, because he is surrounded by elders and equals in age who too often bully him into excess, whereas if he wears the blue ribbon he has a silent answer on his breast for every one. It must, we admit, be difficult for a man with a tender conscience to keep a gin-palace, not because alcohol, as Dr. Burns holds, is a deadly poison, but because he must be constantly confronting customers who are, he knows, enriching his till by starving their wives and children.

CINDERELLA DANCES.—Social reformers have to contend with as many difficulties as innovating statesmen, but their names remain unglorified. We do not know who invented the Cinderella Dance, that is, revived the old practice of giving balls which should finish no later than midnight; but whoever he was, this reformer rendered a great service, not only to elderly people, who have to nod on settees, or stand yawning against walls, while their young relatives are dancing, but also to these young folks themselves. The amount of dancing which can be got between

nine o'clock and midnight is surely enough for the most active young lady or man; and during the Christmas season, when young people having many friends are often invited to two or three parties a week, balls which end at four or five o'clock in the morning are apt to become a toil rather than a pleasure to men who have to earn their living during the day. It is because idlers are happily in a minority amongst us that Cinderella Dances have rapidly become popular. Young ladies did not favour them much at first because these fair members of the community can generally lie in bed as long as they please. But this is not so with young men, who have to be at their business by ten in the morning at latest, and young ladies have had to yield their inclinations simply because it was found that there was a growing reluctance among sensible young men to attend late balls which made them sleepy over their work during the day. Another good feature in Cinderella balls is that champagne suppers are systematically banned from them. At the regular Cinderella ball the company actually disperse at midnight. They have had refreshment served to them, but they have been relieved from the anxiety of wondering all the evening whether they would get genuine wine at supper, and from the unspeakable pain of finding after all that their secret fears as to gooseberry were realised.

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE IN ROME.—The visit of the German Crown Prince to the Pope has withdrawn attention from the remarkable cordiality with which he has been received by the King of Italy and the Italian people. The fact that he has met with so enthusiastic a reception is, however, of much significance. It is a very striking indication of the transformation which has been effected within the last few years in the relations of the Continental Powers. During the Franco-German War there can be no doubt that the sympathy of the Italians was rather with France than with Germany; and after the war, if France had acted prudently, they would have continued to give her their good wishes, although they might not have been willing to enter into an alliance with her. Now they have transferred their friendship to Germany, and with Germany they associate Austria, for which not so very long ago it seemed impossible that they should ever entertain any feeling except the fiercest hatred. This change excites bitter resentment in France, but for any inconvenience it may cause to France she has herself to blame. The alienation of the two countries is usually said to have been produced by the annexation of Tunis; and this certainly made enmity between them inevitable. Even before Tunis was attacked, however, there were signs of antagonism, for Frenchmen did not conceal the jealousy with which they watched the growing prosperity of Italy. Lately they have intensified Italian hostility by that restless foreign policy which has created uneasiness in every European country, and by which they have been steadily playing into the hands of Prince Bismarck. The visit of the Crown Prince to Rome gave the Italians a chance of showing how heartily they approve of the alliance of their country with the German Powers, and they have not failed to take full advantage of the opportunity.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.—Sir Charles Dilke's sayings on this subject deserve to be pondered by all those politicians who prefer patriotism to blind partisanship. Before long it is pretty certain that there will be a large extension of the franchise, amounting almost to manhood suffrage, and a more practical education cannot be bestowed on these new voters than by giving them a voice in the management of their own local affairs. The Imperial Parliament is already terribly overweighted with business, and runs some risk of collapsing altogether as a law-making machine. The changes made by the House of Commons in their method of conducting business have done little or no good; the only alternative, therefore, is to take some of that business out of their hands altogether. There is no reason why for local affairs the several counties of the United Kingdom should not be regarded as purely independent entities, like the States of the American Union. Their area is far smaller, but their population is much greater than that of those States when they were admitted into the Union. Any alteration would be preferable to the present chaotic condition, which Sir Charles Dilke justly describes as "an overlapping of areas, and a confusion of bodies, and of functions, and of taxes, and of debts, which bewilders every man who attempts to grasp the principle on which it rests." But to achieve this great reform, men should approach the subject in an impartial spirit; and, instead of aiming to secure the ascendancy of Toryism or Radicalism in these local councils should strive to pass a measure which will conduce to the well-being of the whole community.

BENCHES AND PLAYGROUNDS.—The complaint as to there being no "benches" in the New Law Courts is not a reflection on the inefficiency of the Judicial Staff; it is the grievance of tired witnesses and others who want to sit down in Mr. Street's vast building, and cannot find a form on which they may do so. There were no forms in Westminster Hall either, and ten generations of people having business at Law seem to have borne the evil pretty patiently. A man who asked Lord Chesterfield for advice as to how he ought to behave at Court, received answer: "Speak well of everybody, ask for every post that falls vacant, and sit down when you can." Perhaps the want of seats in Westminster Hall arose from some idea of the Sovereign Majesty being always present there in spirit; but there is no theory about the

ubiquitousness of the Sovereign in the streets, and yet our Vestries act as if the public ought always to be kept standing in expectation of some Royal procession coming round the street corner. Most of the benches in our London thoroughfares have been set up by private munificence. If some poor woman, having to walk from Oxford Street to Hampstead, with her children, went by way of the Hampstead Road, Camden High Street, Chalk Farm Road, and Haverstock Hill, she would, if we recollect rightly, meet with but one single bench on her way; if her destination were Holloway, she would find one form opposite Holloway Castle, which in the morning hours is generally tenanted by persons waiting for discharged prisoners, or for the opening of the gaol-door to prison visitors; and another form near the Holloway Road, which is in a damaged condition, being used mostly for gymnastics by the small fry of the Northern suburb. Vestries affirm that benches are always desecrated and ruined by dirty little boys and girls; but this is because there are so few of them, and this brings us to another grievance about open playgrounds for these same children. The Open Space and Boulevard Association lately made application to a Company owning plots of ground which are to be used, perhaps years hence, for building, that they would allow children to play on these wastes; but the request was refused. Why? Sometimes children break down the hoardings round building land, and play on the ground at their own risk and in fear of the policeman; but why should the police be instructed to drive them off if they do nothing but play? We complain of the difficulty of finding open spaces for poor children, though with the demolitions constantly going on in London, and the procrastination about rebuilding, there would be playgrounds in abundance if only land-owning companies would be less churlish.

BEHIND THE COUNTER.—If we may judge by the tone of letters which have appeared in the *Daily News* this week from persons who are familiar with life "behind the counter," there is likely to be an agitation very soon for the interference of the State on behalf of shop-assistants. And in these days, when the State is asked to do so many things that were formerly considered beyond its scope, it is not surprising that young men and young women who have to work from fourteen to eighteen hours a day should be disposed to appeal for its aid. It would be impossible to conceive anything more dismal than the lot of this unfortunate class. There are, of course, many humane shopkeepers who do what they can to make the lives of their subordinates tolerable; but in most shops, even in what are called good neighbourhoods, and in all shops in poor districts, assistants are terribly overworked. Trades Unionism would not be an effectual remedy, for there is always an ample supply of persons who would accept any post, however long the hours, and however small the pay. It must be admitted, too, that shopkeepers are not wholly to blame, since in the pressure of competition they cannot be expected to give advantages to their rivals. Is there, then, no alternative but the intervention of the State? We think there is, and we are glad to see that some shopmen who have been writing about the matter think so too. The alternative is that the public should learn to do their shopping at reasonable hours, instead of putting it off, as so many people do at present, until late in the evening. For those who cannot generally find time during the day to buy the articles they need, shops might be kept open until, say, ten o'clock once in the week. Some inconvenience might be caused by this plan at first; but it would be slight and unimportant in comparison with the benefits that would be conferred on a much-suffering and not unreasonable section of the community.

MUSICAL COPYRIGHTS.—It appears from a letter of Lord Folkestone's that the redoubtable Harry Wall is still to the fore, springing forth from his lair or any unlucky wight who may venture to perform publicly any of the pieces of which he holds the copyrights. Lord Folkestone, rather cruelly, gives a list of Mr. Wall's musical property, which we especially advise amateur concert-givers and singers to copy. Mr. Wall has evidently excellent taste; from his collection a very pretty programme might be selected for an evening's entertainment; but only fancy the accumulated penalties accruing from such a performance supposing that no permission was obtained! It is a good sign that many of the newer songs are published free from these restrictions, which may enrich an individual, but must hamper the sale of music. But why did the House of Lords enasculate, and thereby render inoperative, an Act which the House of Commons had passed for the purpose of putting a stop to such prosecutions as those undertaken by Mr. Wall? Probably because they are very chary of interfering with the so-called rights of property. We have no desire to abolish the House of Lords, but it is becoming an anachronism in its present form. Those who wish to preserve it, and infuse fresh vigour into it, would act wisely if they took steps to convert it into an elective assembly. Cannot Lord Salisbury rise above the prejudices of his order, and undertake this reform?

CRICKET UMPIRES.—Many cricketers have been disappointed that the representatives of the County Clubs, in their meeting at Lord's the other day, did not settle the great "chucking" question. It was hoped that the Cricket Parliament would take measures to enforce the oft-broken rule against throwing; but the matter has practically been left as

it was before, in the hands of professional umpires, though it is admitted that these persons are not independent enough to repress the abuse which has become a nuisance to the great majority of cricketers. The professional umpire stands in this difficult position—that he does not like to "no-ball" a brother professional of eccentric delivery lest he should damage the latter's means of livelihood, while he dare not "no-ball" any influential amateur lest he should throw away his own chance of being employed by the club to which that amateur belongs. But this being so, why does not the M.C.C. set the example of using gentlemen umpires for a season? Gentlemen act as umpires at great boat races and athletic sports, and there are plenty of good cricketers who, in their zeal for the game, would consent to do the same thing in matches. Two of the most distinguished Judges on the Bench first earned their reputation for acumen and impartiality as umpires in boat races, and if the M.C.C. has any members who will take pattern by Sir J. W. Chitty and Mr. Justice Denman, the irregularities of certain bowlers would soon be checked. When a body of men are declared to be unequal to the discharge of their duties, it is obvious that they should be relieved of them until firmer men than they shall have established precedents which will have force of law afterwards. The M.C.C. wants to put down throwing, and it would probably find that a single season of independent umpiring by gentlemen would be enough for the purpose.



INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS,
PICCADILLY, W.—The FIRST EXHIBITION is now OPEN. Admission 1s. Illustrated Catalogue 1s.
H. F. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION, LONDON,
1884.

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For full particulars application should be made to the SECRETARY, International Health Exhibition, South Kensington, S.W.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. C. LEADER. On BOXING NIGHT, December 26 (and every Evening), will be presented a Grand Christmas Pantomime, being a new version of LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, by Mr. Frank Green, produced by R. Barker, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will appear, assisted by other eminent artists. Commencing at 7.45. A Special and First MORNING PERFORMANCE will be given on THURSDAY, December 27; second, SATURDAY, December 29, after which MORNING PERFORMANCES every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at Two. Prices, 1s. to 5s. 3s. od. Box Office open from Ten to Five. Seats can be booked in advance.

COURT THEATRE, Sloane Square.—Lessee and Managers, Mr. JOHN CLAYTON and Mr. ARTHUR CECIL.—THIS EVENING, at 8, a new play entitled THE MILLIONAIRE, by G. W. Godfrey. Mrs. John Woolf, Miss Charlotte Addison, Miss H. Lindley, and Miss Marion Terry; Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Charles Sugden, and Mr. John Clayton.—Box Office hours 11 till 5. No Fees. Doors open at 7.40.—TENTH MORNING PERFORMANCE, SATURDAY, December 29, at 2.30.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.—Managers, Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAM.—"A MOSS ROSE RENT," by Arthur Law, music by Alfred J. Caldicott; and Mr. Corney Gram's New Musical Sketch, MASTER TOMMY'S SCHOOL, concluding with a New Second Part, entitled A WATER CURE, by Arnold Felix, music by George Geor.—Morning Performances every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 2 o'clock. Evenings, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8. Stalls, 5s. and 3s. Admission 2s. and 1s. Twice on BOXING DAY, at 3 and 8. No fees.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.
ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
NINETEENTH ANNUAL SERIES

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL PERFORMANCES
will commence on
BOXING DAY, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26TH.
On and after this day Performances of the Monster Entertainment will be given
EVERY AFTERNOON at THREE.
EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.
UNTIL JANUARY THE 12TH.
After which date the Day Performances will be resumed in their regular order.
THE HOLIDAY PROGRAMME
which has been in daily rehearsal for many weeks past will be REPLET with the CHOICEST GEMS OF MELODY,
Sung by the world-famed Choir of the Company.
NEW AND SPARKLING SCINTILLATIONS
OF GENUINE BUT REFINED HUMOUR,
SIDE SPLITTING BURLESQUES AND COMICALITIES,
By the
POWERFUL PHALANX OF COMEDIANS.
The Day Performances will be precisely the same in every respect to those given at Night, and without curtailment or mutilation, yet terminating in good time to admit of Visitors Dining and afterwards going to see one of the Pantomimes at Night.
FIVE THOUSAND SEATS
in the Largest and most beautiful Hall in London.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S LAST GREAT PICTURE completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON,
BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
ALL EXPRESS and ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS issued on December 21st, 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, will be available for the Return Journey by any Train of the same description and class up to and including Friday, Dec. 28th, except those issued for a less distance than ten miles.
The Special Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued on December 22nd will be available up to and including Thursday, December 27th.

PORTSMOUTH and the ISLE of WIGHT.—EXTRA TRAINS, December 22nd and 24th.—The Fast Train leaving Victoria 4.55 p.m. and London Bridge 5.0 p.m. will take passengers for Ryde, Bembridge, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, and on the 24th to Cowes and Newport, also (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).
CHRISTMAS DAY Extra Fast Trains (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) from Portsmouth Harbour 7.0 a.m., and 8.25 a.m., to London. Boats in connection from Ryde 6.30 a.m. and 7.30 a.m.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY and on CHRISTMAS DAY.
Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.
A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these trains only.

CHRISTMAS EVE EXTRA LATE TRAIN.—A Special Train will leave London Bridge at Midnight, Monday, December 24th, for Redhill, Brighton, Lewes, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Chichester, Havant, and Portsmouth (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT TRAINS direct from London Bridge, New Cross, Victoria, York Road, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Liverpool Street, Whitechapel, Wapping, Rotherhithe, &c., as required by the Traffic.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By Order)
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

NOTICE.—With this Number are issued TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS. One, printed in colours, is entitled "SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING FIELD—FORTY MINUTES' RUN WITH THE HOUNDS," drawn by John Charlton. The second contains a PORTRAIT of H.R.H. the PRINCESS of WALES, and an ANNOUNCEMENT of a forthcoming ÉDITION DE LUXE of THE GRAPHIC.

NOTICE.

The Postage of this Week's ORDINARY edition of "THE GRAPHIC," which exceeds 8 ounces in weight, is as follows:—

UNITED KINGDOM	1/2d.
Any part of EUROPE, CANADA, and UNITED STATES	2 1/2d.
AUSTRALIA, BRAZIL, CAPE, and NEW ZEALAND	3d.
CHINA, INDIA, and JAPAN	4 1/2d.

The Edition printed on Thin Paper requires only the usual rates of postage.



THE BULL-DOG SHOW

If ever Charles Dickens did an injustice it was to the bull-dog, and yet even he pictured ill-tempered "Bullseye" as faithful a follower of the drunken bully Sikes as Nancy herself. For many years past, however, ever since that favourite sport of James the First and of the old English villager, bull-baiting, was prohibited by Act of Parliament, the bull-dog has been relegated to the society of burglars and to the regions of Seven Dials or Ratcliffe Highway. Thus when novelists wished to depict a bad character they gave him a short pipe, and a bull-dog at his heels. Revivals, however, have of late been the order of the day, and accordingly the bull-dog has once more come into favour, is now patronised in high circles, is petted and paraded by the Anglicised gandin on the Paris boulevards as the "Bouledogge," and now even possesses a Club of his own—the Bull-Dog Club, of which the tenth annual show was held last week at Wood's Mineral Water Manufactory, Hackney. There, nearly a hundred animals, of all weights and sizes, were exhibited. Thus first we have the Champion dog Monarch, owned by Mr. H. Layton, and who, besides the Champion Prize, carried off the Grand Challenge Cup. For the benefit of the uninitiated we may mention that to compete in the Champion Class a dog must have won three first prizes at shows held under the Kennel Club Rules. *Place aux dames*, Mr. Alfred Benjamin's Britomartis secured equal honours for her sex, while Mr. W. Dorkin's Castor took the silver medal in addition to two other prizes. Mr. John H. Ellis's Taurus was also another noted prize winner, being adjudged the best dog in the heavy-weight class. Our other sketches are explained by their titles, but with regard to judging we may supplement our recent remarks on "faking" dogs by showing by mentioning that that upward curl of the nose which gives such a plebeian and ill-tempered look to the animal's face, and yet which is considered the best feature of a bull-dog, is frequently artificially produced by unscrupulous breeders. These gentry when they have an unpromising puppy cut certain muscles of the mouth, and bend the cartilage of the nose in the centre by binding a piece of stick across the bridge until the required shape is secured. We have already said that the bull-dog is a much maligned animal. Like many ugly bipeds he inspires an aversion for which there is not the slightest justification. He is a capital tempered dog with children; while a truer or safer companion for ladies when walking alone, or a more trusty house dog, could hardly be wished. There is one danger. He possesses little or no scent, and should a stranger, or any person with whom he has a very slight acquaintance, enter the room in the dark when his master and mistress are sleeping, the result may possibly be awkward. The bull-dog bites before he barks, and, despite long years of retirement from business, has not lost that firm grip which of yore enabled him to pin a bull to the earth and hold him there until called off by his master.

THE BEACONSFIELD STATUE AT LIVERPOOL

SIR RICHARD CROSS visited Liverpool on the 14th inst. to unveil a statue of Lord Beaconsfield in the afternoon, and to attend a banquet at night to signalise the opening of the Conservative Club. The memorial of the late Premier is placed midway between the equestrian statues of the Queen and the Prince Consort on the east front of St. George's Hall. The statue, which was designed and modelled by Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A., stands on a polished granite pedestal, the total height of the figure and pedestal being 23 feet. The Earl is represented in his robes as a Peer, and the sculptor has skillfully reproduced features, expression, and attitude. Although the weather was ungenial, thousands of people assembled to see the unveiling, and the platform was crowded by public men, not Tories only, but Whigs and Radicals also. In presenting the statue to the Mayor, who received it on behalf of the city, Sir Richard Cross said that they were met to do honour to the memory of one of the most illustrious statesmen that England had ever seen. Some of them might differ from his political opinions, some might dispute the soundness of the motives of his policy, but there was not one present who would deny his entire devotion to the Queen, and his thorough love and self-sacrifice of everything for the benefit of his country. The one guiding spring and motive of his life was that England might maintain her dignity and her honour abroad and enjoy peace and prosperity at home.

COLONEL DE COETLOGON

COLONEL DE COETLOGON, the sole survivor of the British officers on Hicks Pasha's staff, entered the Army as Ensign in 1858. He served in the 15th Foot for nearly sixteen years, when he exchanged into the 105th, and from thence into the 70th, where he remained until he retired as Major from the Queen's service. Colonel de Coetlogon is the younger son of the Rev. C. de Coetlogon, English Chaplain at Aix-la-Chapelle, and is descended from an old Breton family, a branch of which came over to England at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. He was one of the officers selected by Hicks Pasha to accompany him in his expedition to the Soudan, but, having been left in command of the reserves at Khartoum, he fortunately escaped the terrible fate of his brothers-at-arms, and has since done good service in reorganising and collecting together the garrisons of the outlying villages.—Our portrait is from a portrait by Alexander Bassano, 72, Piccadilly.

SIGNOR MARIO

THIS renowned singer died at Rome on December 11. The date and place of his birth are a matter of dispute. According to some he was born at Genoa in 1814, according to others at Turin in 1808. He was descended from an ancient family, his style and title in private life being Marchese di Candia. Like his father before him,



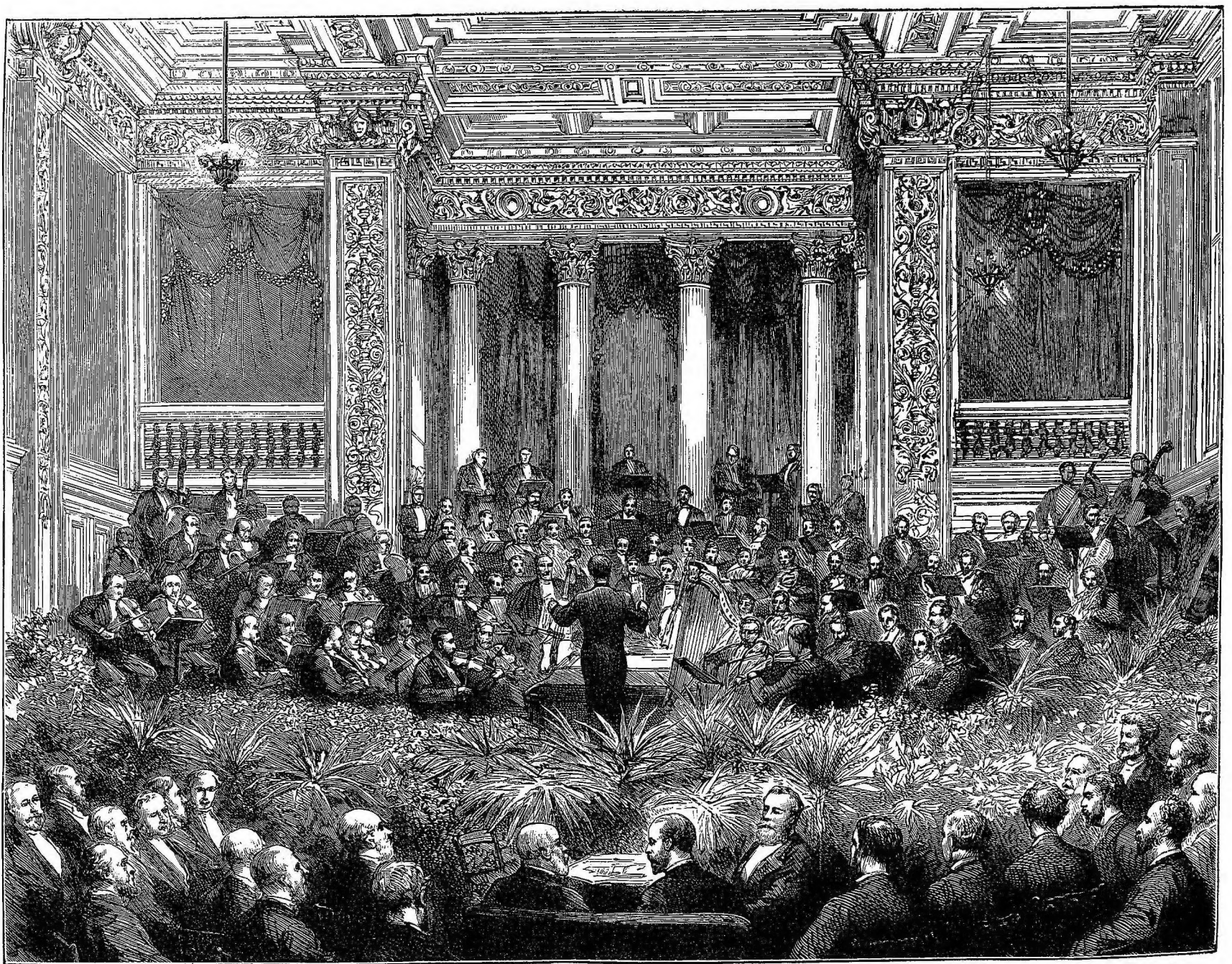
COLONEL DE COETLOGON,
One of the British Officers with the Soudan Field Force, Now
Engaged in Fortifying Khartoum Against the Possible
Attack of the Mahdi



SIGNOR MARIO, THE FAMOUS TENOR
Born 1808; Died Dec. 11, 1883



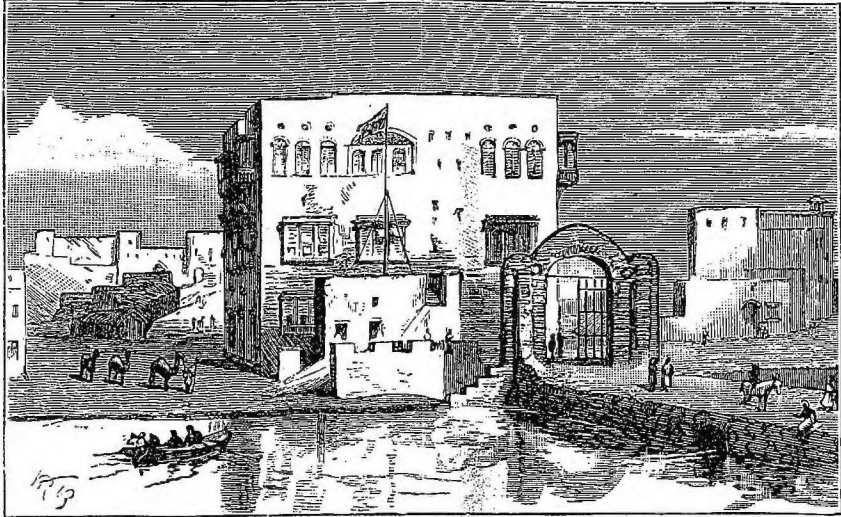
MR. RICHARD DOYLE, ARTIST AND CARICATURIST
Born 1826; Died Dec. 11, 1883



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE SMOKING-CONCERT OF THE ROYAL AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY IN THE PRINCE'S HALL, PICCADILLY



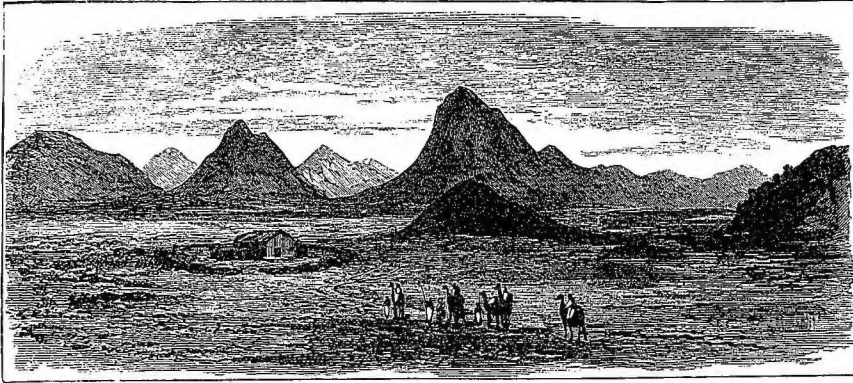
SHEIKH OSMAN DEKNA, ONE OF THE CHIEF REBELS
Who has been Proclaimed by the Mahdi Ameer of the Eastern Soudan



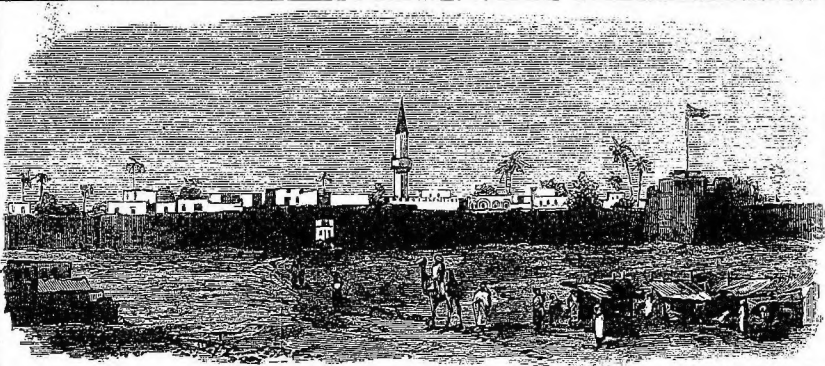
FORTIFIED BRIDGE CONNECTING THE ISLAND OF SUAKIM WITH THE MAINLAND



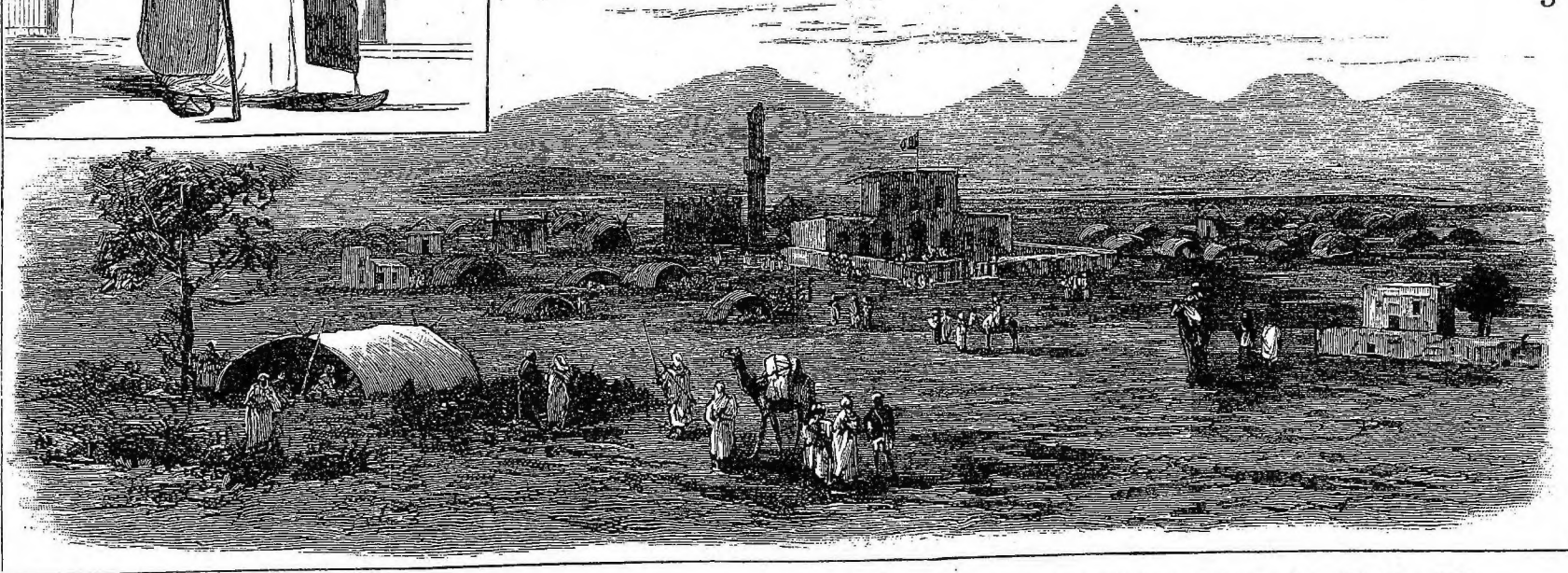
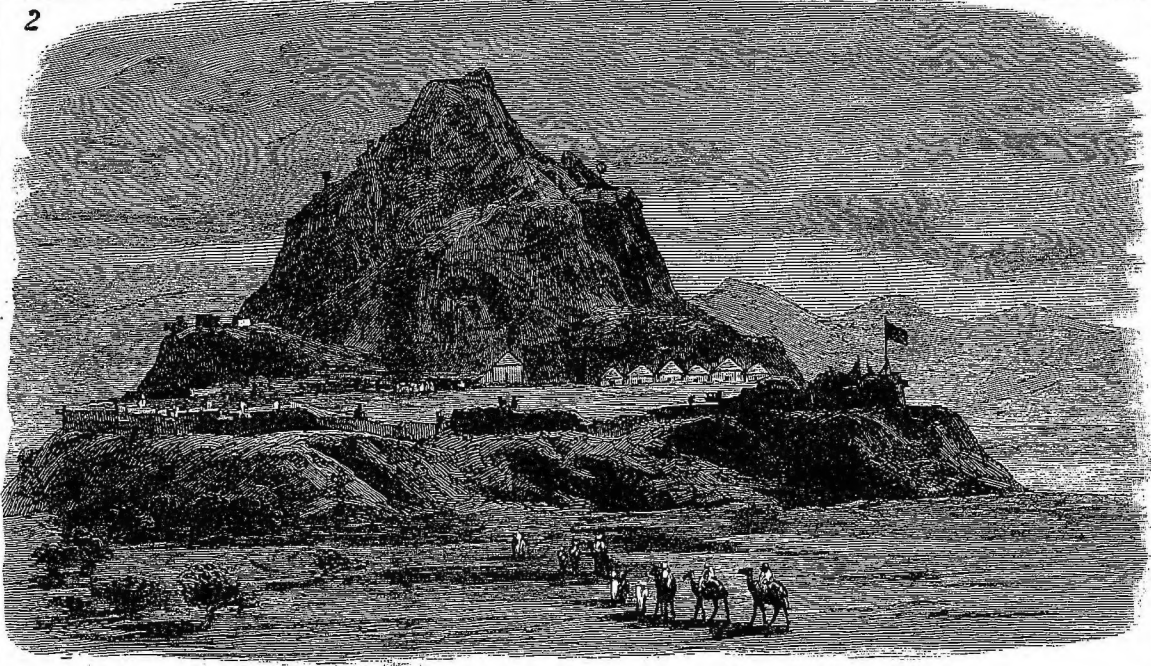
ZEBEHR PASHA, A NATIVE OF DONGOIA, LOWER NUBIA
Commander-in-Chief of the Bedouins and Negroes Acting Against the Mahdi



BIR HANDOOK (THE WELL OF HANDOOK), THE FIRST STATION AFTER LEAVING SUAKIM
(THE FIGURE 1 SHOWS THE SPOT WHERE 200 EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS WERE KILLED BY THE REBELS)



THE FORTIFIED TOWN OF KASSALA, THE CAPITAL OF UPPER NUBIA, THE ROAD TO WHICH HAS BEEN INTERRUPTED FOR THE LAST THREE MONTHS



1. Sheikh Mohammed Taher, Principal Ulema, and Leader of the Eastern Soudan Insurrection.—2. Sinkat, Where Tewfik Bey, Governor of the Soudan, is Entrenched, Awaiting Aid.—3. Toka, Where Commander Moncrieff was Killed, and Where Some Three Hundred Egyptian Soldiers and Bashi-Bazouks were Surrounded by the Rebels.

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN

FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICIAL WHO WAS EMPLOYED IN SUPPRESSING THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE SOUDAN

he entered the Piedmontese Army, in which he served as an officer, till 1836, when he came to Paris. Here, as in Italy, his appearance, the refinement of his manners, and the beauty of his voice made him the favourite of fashionable circles. Moreover, the last-named gift drew the notice of operatic managers, ever on the look-out for tenors. At length his straitened circumstances overcame his aristocratic prejudices, and he appeared at the Grand Opéra, Paris, in 1838. His success was at once decisive. His *début* in London was made June 6, 1839. From that day till shortly before his retirement from the stage Mario visited London every season, and soon became the unrivalled favourite of the public. He appeared in all the principal operas, his greatest triumphs, perhaps, being achieved as Raoul in the *Huguenots*, and as Fernando in *La Favorita*. For a number of years he shared his artistic triumphs with Madame Grisi, to whom he was married in 1844, and by whom he had five children. Mario's expensive habits caused him to continue his operatic career too long for his fame. It was not till after the death of his wife in 1869 that he finally relinquished the stage. His last appearance took place at St. Petersburg, but he had made his final bow to the London public (as Fernando in *La Favorita*) June 6th, 1871. He retired to Rome, where he remained with few interruptions till his death. His straitened circumstances becoming known to his English friends, a concert was given in his favour at St. James's Hall, May 29, 1878. He latterly held the modest and not very remunerative post of Conservator at one of the public Museums at Rome.

RICHARD DOYLE

ONE of Mr. Doyle's pictures has been scanned by more eyes, perhaps, than any picture that was ever designed since the world began. We refer to the title-page of *Punch*. *Punch* began, as elderly men will remember, by frequently changing its title-page, but the proprietors have now, for upwards of thirty-three years, adhered to that which Doyle designed, and it would now be a risk to change it, for the public are very conservative in such matters. Mr. Doyle, being a conscientious Roman Catholic, quitted *Punch* in 1850, disapproving of the attitude assumed by that journal on the Papal Aggression question. He lived to see a Roman Catholic installed in the editorial chair, and it seems a pity he never resumed his relations with the artistic staff. For he was an artist *sui generis*; none of his successors have in his peculiar line come near him; his little vignettes and tail-pieces were full of grace and fancy, yet clear to the simplest understanding (whereas Sambourne, with all his ingenuity, is often somewhat obscure), and "Ye Manners and Customs of ye Englyshe," immensely popular in its day, is now a valuable antiquarian store-house, whence the new generation may learn how the grave greybeards and portly matrons of 1883 behaved themselves when they were young, and slim, and light-hearted, in that delightful year, 1849. The severance of Doyle's connection with *Punch* seemed to dissociate him from the public. He illustrated Thackeray's "Newcomers," he published in the early numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine* his "Bird's-eye Views of Society;" but thenceforward, though well known and appreciated in society, he became to the great outside world the shadow of a name. Richard Doyle was the son of John Doyle, whose "H. B." sketches (how eagerly we used to study them in that familiar window in the Haymarket!) immortalised the features of the statesmen and celebrities of the generation between 1830 and 1850. He was born in 1826, and died (having fallen down in a fit at the Athenæum Club on the preceding evening) early in the morning of the 11th inst.—Our portrait is from a photograph by John and Charles Watkins, 34, Parliament Street, S.W.

THE ROYAL AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY

THE first smoking concert this Society held this year was given on the evening of Monday, December 10, in the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. The Duke of Edinburgh, who is president of the Society, took part in the performance, playing first violin in the orchestra. The programme comprised, among other pieces, Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; the prelude to *Le Dernier Sommeil de la Vierge* (Massenet); and the *Rhapsodie Hongroise*, No. 1, by Liszt, which attracted particular attention, as did also two songs sung by Mr. Hirwen Jones. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge were present. This was the first concert held by the Society in their new quarters, the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly.

The Prince's Hall, which is rapidly becoming a most fashionable gathering-place for balls and private parties, has recently been provided with a moveable orchestra, designed and built by Mr. George Mount, capable of accommodating about eighty performers. This has been done for the convenience of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, of which the Duke of Edinburgh is a prominent member. The excellent acoustic properties of the Hall are now heartily acknowledged by the musical profession, and this additional orchestra must be of great benefit.

EVENTS IN THE SOUDAN

ZEBEHR RAHAMA, who has been appointed to the command of the detachment of Egyptian negroes and Bedouins which will accompany Colonel Baker's expedition, is a man whose name is a household word in the Soudan. Twenty years since he was a chief of a *seriba*, or palisaded village in Dongola, between the White Nile and Darfour, which served as an ivory trade depot, and later on as one of the centres of the slave traffic, of which he was one of the chief promoters. When, in 1870, the Sultan prohibited the export of grain, Zebehr revolted, and declared war upon Darfour. The Khédive, following a good old Oriental tradition, patched matters up with him, and creating him a Bey, joined in the war upon Darfour, which was conquered and annexed to Egypt, and Zebehr was raised to the dignity of a Pasha. He aspired, however, to a more independent position than that of a mere Egyptian official, and naturally claimed to be given the Governor-Generalship of the new Province. Gordon Pasha, however, prevented this; and accordingly Zebehr, who had left instructions that his followers should break out into rebellion on a given signal, sent word to that effect to his son, and a rising took place. This was suppressed by Colonel Gordon, and Zebehr was tried and sentenced to death. He was, however, pardoned by the Khédive, who gave him a handsome annuity. Owing to his influence in the Soudan, he has been chosen by the Khédive for his present mission.

One of the other sketches shows the bridge connecting the island of Suakim with the mainland and the battery, and next we engrave the portrait of Sheik Osman Dekna, who has been proclaimed by the Mahdi "Ameer of Eastern Soudan," and "who," Mr. Demetrius Mosconas—to whose pencil we are indebted for our sketches—writes, "is the real chief of the Soudan. I have sent him to you in his national headdress and costume, but he usually wears a big turban and a long tunic."

The town of Kassala is the capital of Upper Nubia, the road to which has been interrupted for the past three months. The town is surrounded by a wall built of brick, and is well fortified. It contains some 20,000 inhabitants, of whom a few only are European—the remainder being Arabs of Asia and Nubians.

Bir-Handook, or the Well of Handook, is the first halting-place for travellers on the road from Suakim. It is about ten miles distant, and fifty-five yards above sea-level. The wells on the road are five in number, and from these travellers as well as the inhabi-

tants of the mountains draw their water, which is brackish. The sketch shows the first well and the mountains of the second station, O-Taou, where 180 Egyptian soldiers were killed some weeks since. Sheik Mohammed Taher is the principal Ulema or religious personage and the real leader of the Eastern Soudan insurrection.

The sketch of Sinkat shows the entrenchments in which Tewfik Bey, the Governor of Suakim, is now surrounded by the insurgents. It is about thirty-two miles from Suakim. From the last advice there is plenty of ammunition, but no provisions, and consequently there is some danger of the town falling into the hands of the rebels. Supplies have been despatched thither, and Colonel Sartorius is preparing an expedition to relieve the town.

Toka is a small town in the centre of the great Dhura and Dokhn producing district, and forms the penal settlement of Suakim, from which it is distant about forty-five miles. There, at the time Mr. Mosconas wrote, a force of 300 Egyptians were blockaded by the enemy. Later news states that the troops were bravely holding out, but were running short of ammunition.

THE THEATRES

THE subjects of these sketches have all been previously noticed in *The Graphic*, so it is only necessary to glance at the several characters illustrated.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree's impersonation of Prince Borowski in *The Glass of Fashion* is one of his best and most finished sketches of character.

The success of Mr. Burnand's new extravaganza at the Gaiety, so much condemned by Shakespearean enthusiasts, was not a little dependent upon the sprightly graceful Ariel of Miss E. Farren; and most telling was the effect when, brilliant with electric lights, she rose from the sea.

Stage Dora; or, Who Killed Cock Robin? is another of Mr. Burnand's parodies, in which he boils down the tremendously tragic into concentrated essence of fun, inimitably served up by Mr. J. L. Toole as Louis Ipanoff, and Miss Marie Linden as Fedora.

"Vat a larks!" Here is the Baron von Gondremarcke (Mr. Lionel Brough) searching his multitudinous waistcoat pockets for the keys, that his daughter Christine (Miss La Rue) may display the doubtless wonderful contents of their travelling trunks to the Customs' officials before they "Chaluk it up."

Mr. George Grossmith's *Drama on Crutches* is one of his musical sketches, in which, with graceful skill, he satirises the stage of to-day, and mimics his contemporaries.

The main interest of Mr. Pinero's new play, *Lords and Commons*, consists in a duet between Mrs. Devenish (Mrs. Bernard Beere) and Lord Caryl (Mr. Forbes Robertson), in which they overcome the uncongenial parts they have to play by skilful acting.

Miss Mary Anderson as Galatea is so classically graceful a statue as fully to realise the *chef d'œuvre* of the Athenian sculptor.

One of the most dramatic situations in Messrs. Wills and Herman's *Claudian* occurs just before the earthquake, when Claudian (Mr. Wilson Barrett) struggles between the desire to accept the proffered love so passionately pleaded by the blind Almida (Miss Eastlake) and his fear of his curse falling with even greater weight upon the unfortunate daughter of Alcæus.

Mr. Edward Compton is vivacious as Jack Rover, so brim full of "quotation" in O'Keefe's *Wild Oats*.

Miss Violet Cameron as Falka nearly brings death and desolation upon the house of Fölbach (Mr. Harry Paulton), not knowing that the little brass knob connects with the stores of dynamite below, but fortunately is stopped in time, thus preserving the picturesque Gipsy Queen (Miss Wadman), the bold Boleslas (Mr. Hamilton), and the ghastly humorous Brother Pelican (Mr. Penley).

A charming little episode of *In the Ranks* is that in which Ned Drayton (Mr. Charles Warner), after his unmerited imprisonment, meets his wife, Ruth (Miss Bateman).

Mr. Cecil's Edward Guyon in *The Millionaire* will undoubtedly take first rank among his many popular characters, and he is most ably supported by the graceful Katherine Guyon of Miss Marion Terry and the humorous Lady Henmarsh of Mrs. John Wood.

Mr. J. G. Taylor's Calino, the "masher" King of *The Golden Ring*, is the most remarkable of all the freight of "that most wonderful boat."

IN AN EGYPTIAN PRISON—II.

"THE first sketch represents Dr. Crookshank, the new Inspector-General of Prisons, busily engaged at the heavy task of reformation before him, and is entitled 'New Style,' in contradistinction to the 'Old Style' of coffee, cigarettes, and 'Bookra' (to-morrow) of the Pasha, who smokes complacently while some poor wretches are kept waiting in prison, for months very likely, without a trial. 'Long-standing Grievances' represents some such, one of whom had been kept eighteen months in prison without a trial, explaining their grievances to their new administrator, in hopes of better times being in store for them. 'Sweeping Reforms' were going on in the Cairo Gaol when we visited it. Whitewash, brooms, baskets, and dust were the order of the day. Among the rubbish swept together, playing-cards were noticeable, showing that though the former prison regulations did not demand labour from the prisoners, they did not stand in the way of the prisoners amusing themselves.

"An 'Important Repair' was providing a lock to the main door of the prison, the old style of fastening, which a golden key could always open, not being considered sufficient."—Our engravings are from sketches by Major Giles, of the Egyptian Gendarmérie.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT

THE Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at Bombay on the 21st Nov., in the P. and O. steamer *Cathay*, which anchored off the Apollo Bunder. A deputation from the Government at once boarded the vessel to congratulate the Duke and Duchess, who later in the afternoon were conveyed to the shore by the steam launch *Bee*, amid a salute of thirty-two guns from H.M.S. *Euryalus*. They landed at the Old Government Dockyard, where a large marquee, or shamiana, had been erected for their reception, and where an enormous crowd had assembled to bid them welcome. One of the prettiest features of the reception was the singing of "God Save the Queen" in the vernacular by a hundred and fifty school girls, who presented a very pretty appearance decked out in their best costumes and jewels. Here is one of the verses literally translated into English:—

Bestow, Thou, choicest gifts from store,
Continuously on Victoria—
Might, Glory (and) Happiness.
May little grandchildren from year to year
Being born, give joy to Her,
By glad voices, seen, unseen,
So as to give blessings.

On landing the Duke and Duchess were met by the Governor, who offered them a hearty welcome on Indian soil, and introduced them to several of the prominent European and native gentlemen present. An address was presented by the Chairman of the Municipal Corporation, to which the Duke briefly replied, alluding to the fact that it was in that very spot that "eighty years ago my illustrious godfather, the Duke of Wellington, took his departure from this country after his military successes." He also mentioned that the Duchess was the first Princess of the British Royal Family who has ever visited India. This at an end, a Parsee lady came forward, and placed garlands round the necks of the Duke and

Duchess, who then, entering a carriage, drove to Government House, the native town being thronged with eager sightseers. Next day the Duke laid the foundation-stone of the new Hospital for Women and Children, which is to be erected at the expense of a Parsee gentlemen, Mr. Cama, and subsequently visited an interesting fair on the Maidan, which had been organised by the Reception Committee. The festivities also included a grand display of fireworks, a general illumination, a State banquet, and a grand ball given by the Governor, Sir James Fergusson. On Saturday, November 24th, the Duke and Duchess left for Meerut.—Our engravings are from photographs, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, Bombay, Simla, and Calcutta.

FORTY MINUTES' RUN WITH THE HOUNDS

IN the first sketch the hounds are being let out of the kennel, all fresh and ready, and eager for a run. The huntsman from horse-back eyes them over as they come to him. Then they jog along the road to the meet. Next we have the meet. Ladies and gentlemen have arrived or are arriving, and the master is saluting them, or returning their salutations. A popular master generally has a courteous recognition or a kindly word for all.

In the fourth sketch the fox has broken from the cover into the open country. The hounds are just getting away on his scent, the master is checking for a moment the eager horsemen till his hounds get fairly away, and then we have both riders and hounds in "full cry," and as like as not many are the spills which take place. One gentleman has come to grief in a yawning ditch, others' horses refuse, and so on.

Often we have ladies and gentlemen, and children, too, for that matter, who come in carriages to see the meet and as much of the run as they can from the road, and not unfrequently horsemen who prefer that level ground to hedges and ditches. All such riders, if lucky, may see a good deal of the run without the risk of a fall at either obstacle, though they may have to go a long way round, and sometimes find they are in the wrong road, and never see hounds or huntsman again that day.

Then the death. The hounds have caught and killed their fox, the huntsman, close upon them, has just dismounted, and sounds his horn while his whipper-in keeps the hungry hounds at a distance, till he, having taken the brush, head, and pads, throws the remains of poor Reynard to the eager crew. The riders are gradually coming up, some, both horse and rider, pretty well blown, and then, if the run has not been too long, or the day is not too far gone, perhaps another fox is tried for.

"THIRLBV HALL"

A NEW STORY by W. E. Norris, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 621.

H.M.S. "IMPÉRIEUSE" AND SOME OF THE NEWEST TYPES OF SHIPS OF THE BRITISH NAVY

THE *Impérieuse*, which was launched or rather floated out of dock on Tuesday last, after having been christened by H.S.II. the Princess of Saxe Weimar in the presence of the naval and military authorities, as well as a very large assemblage of spectators, is yet another new addition to the different styles of ironclad ships adopted by our Government. This novelty is neither so thickly armoured, nor does she carry such heavy guns as those of the *Inflexible* school. The four revolving tables (one on each side, and one fore and aft on deck), on which are mounted four *barbette* guns on the Vavasseur principle, capable of taking a very extensive sweeping fire (carrying a distance of seven miles) give a peculiar feature to this latest innovation. Besides, the sides of the ship amidships are curved from the deck to one-third the way to the water-line in order to cause the enemy's shots to glance off.

The *Impérieuse*, like the *Inflexible*, is "brig-rigged," her tonnage is 7,390, and she carries sixteen heavy guns—being a striking contrast to her old and obsolete namesake, the wooden first-class frigate of 2,146 tons, with fifty guns.

We now come to a more powerful vessel (*Inflexible* class, but with less tonnage). The *Edinburgh* is a sister ship to the *Colossus*, each having a tonnage of 9,150 and six guns, while the two remaining ships are the *Ajax* and the *Alexandra*, the tonnages respectively being 8,510 and 6,360. The last-mentioned five vessels are supposed to be improvements upon the often-mentioned Italian specimens of ship-building, the *Dandolo*, *Duilio*, *Italia*, &c., which in most points in the hull they resemble.

The *Edinburgh* and the *Colossus* have but just concluded their trials, which, being very successful, are highly creditable both to the constructors and the engineers. The speed arrived at was beyond official expectation. The stability also proved satisfactory. In order to test the latter, about 600 men were drafted on board the *Edinburgh*, and were employed during the trial in running *en masse* from side to side, but only succeeded in inclining her 2½ degs. There was a contra-agent employed in the experiment in the shape of a body of water (several tons) placed in the "water-chamber" below to arrest the momentum after the first roll. But whether much importance can be attached to this trial or not it stands to reason that in a heavy sea with a strong wind blowing the result must be different to that which would occur in calm weather.

The *Téméraire* is another distinct type, with guns mounted *en barbette*. The *Devastation* and her sister ship, *Thunderer* and *Dreadnought*, again form a distinct class, and perhaps as powerful as any afloat, while the *Cordelia*, one of a fleet to which the *Canada* (Prince George of Wales's first ship) belongs, may justly be considered a specimen of a finely-modelled steam corvette, and capable of doing much damage with her long range, chase, and broadside guns. The former are protected by shields, and are, as in the *Impérieuse*, mounted on Vavasseur carriages placed on revolving tables. All the above-mentioned types are not the only representations of the changes which have taken place in the construction of the modern fighting ship in contradistinction to the "frigate and line-of-battle ship" of the past, but even the little gun-boats have been revolutionised. Now we have small fragile iron steamboats carrying one or more guns in the bow and stern, protected in some instances only by thin iron shields, whereas in the old time hands were piped, a twelve-oared wooden boat lowered with a 12-pounder in the bows, and manned by a crew on whose muscles depended the success of the chase, aided by sails if the wind favoured. Lastly, we come to a class which most of us trust will have to wait a long time before a trial takes place in earnest, namely, the "torpedo boat." In itself, it is harmless, being frail and possessing no ram. But it carries the most terrible weapon of war—the unseen enemy. We have dwelt only as yet on the vulnerability of our Navy above the water-line, but what of the underneath part, which, as in the *Rhinoceros*, is the truly weak point? There is the risk of coming in contact with the sunken mine, the "spar torpedo," and last, though not least, the "Whitehead fish torpedo." Precautions against these will be taken, as shown in the sketch of the *Glanton*, by means of a network girdle, which can be lowered from the deck, but at present little progress has been made in this direction. In the mean time, as far as torpedo boats are concerned, they will have before them the far from pleasing task of encountering the missiles from the Nordenfjeldts and Gatlings, which could give a good account of their foes, even at night time, with the aid of the electric light. Some of the torpedo launches reach a speed of nineteen knots per hour.

W. E. ATKINS



WITH THE EXECUTION OF O'DONNELL and rumours of plots to avenge it, stringent measures of precaution have been taken by the authorities for the safety of London Bridge and of Government and other buildings in the metropolis. Reports of threats directed against the person of the Premier led to a sudden increase in the number of police at Hawarden Castle, and it was under police escort that Mr. Gladstone proceeded this week to his parish church.

IT IS POSSIBLE that, in opposition to Mr. Arthur Peel as Liberal candidate for the Speakership, the Conservatives may put forward Sir Matthew White Ridley, one of the members for North Northumberland, who was Under Secretary of State for the Home Department during Lord Beaconsfield's administration.

ON AND AFTER BEING PRESENTED with the freedom of the City of Glasgow, the Marquis of Lorne delivered addresses on the Canadian Dominion, pointing out the security on the North American Continent which it derived from the connection with the mother country, and the advantages which it offers to emigrants with a little money. Lord Lorne recommended the benevolent aid with their purses indigent families desirous of emigrating to Canada. At a crowded meeting of the Society of Arts on Wednesday Lord Lorne delivered an address on Canada and its products, in which he laid stress on the excellence of the field for emigration presented by the eastern maritime provinces of the Dominion.

THE PERIOD PRECEDING CHRISTMAS WEEK has been tolerably prolific of political oratory. Addressing his constituents at Bradford, Mr. W. E. Forster pronounced himself strongly in favour of an extension of the suffrage in Ireland, the refusal of which would arm the Nationalists with a serious grievance. He was for a purely residential franchise in counties and in boroughs, and as regarded redistribution he was opposed to *scrutin de liste*, and favoured an approach to equal electoral districts. A fellow-guest of Mr. Forster at Keighley, Mr. Bright, last week declared himself opposed to the equal electoral districts favoured by Mr. Forster, and also to the proposed abolition of the forty-shilling freehold franchise in counties. He made no reference to the extension of the franchise in Ireland, and doubted whether the House of Lords would reject a single County Franchise Bill, a doubt which he has reiterated in Lancashire this week.—Lord Randolph Churchill has been addressing the Edinburgh Conservatives on Egypt and Reform. He denounced with vehemence the Ministerial policy in Egypt from first to last as destructive of Egyptian nationalism, and as substituting for it the rule of Tewfik, who, and whose chief supporters, Lord Randolph thought, should be expelled from Egypt, bag and baggage, and make way for Arabi and the other exiles to be recalled from Ceylon. The demand for Parliamentary reform he considered factitious, and he was opposed to the abolition of the distinction between urban and rural voters. Redistribution, however, was much needed in order to reduce the disproportionate representation of small boroughs, and this with an extension of borough boundaries to increase the number of urban voters was all the reform that was really needed.—Opening a Beaconsfield Club at Shrewsbury, Mr. Plunkett objected to Household Suffrage in Ireland because it would destroy the electoral power of the Protestant minority.

OF THE SPEECHES MADE by Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham that of the former was of some importance, as indicative, more or less, of the Ministerial programme for next Session. According to Sir Charles Dilke, it ought, besides a Bill conferring Household Suffrage on English and Scotch counties and on Irish boroughs as well as counties, to include the London Municipality Bill, and a Bill simplifying Local Self-Government by the establishment of Election Boards not only for counties, but in districts at present without Municipal Government. Redistribution should be deferred to a subsequent Session. Sir Charles Dilke intimated that, before attempting new legislation for the improvement of the homes of the poor, a trial would be made of the powers conferred by the Act of last year, especially in regard to limiting the compensation allowed to the owners of unsanitary house property on its demolition by order of the local authority.

IN A SPEECH AT TORQUAY the Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Evelyn Ashley, touched on redistribution. He thought that ten seats should be taken from Ireland and given to Scotland.

SIR RICHARD CROSS has unveiled at Liverpool (*vide* "Our Illustrations") a statue of Lord Beaconsfield. At an evening banquet he made an emphatic protest against an extension of the suffrage in Ireland, in which he was joined by the Marquis of Waterford, who spoke with indignation of the dismissal of Lord Rossmore.

THE SUBSCRIBERS FOR A MARBLE STATUE OF MR. GLADSTONE presented it to the City Liberal Club, of which Lord Granville is President. When it was unveiled, Lord Granville passed a eulogium on Mr. Gladstone, saying that he never knew any Minister who showed a finer temper, greater patience, or more consideration for his colleagues.

A LETTER HAS BEEN PUBLISHED FROM LORD CRANBROOK, in which he urges that the controversy now proceeding with regard to the housing of the poor forms an additional reason for the adoption of Lord Salisbury's suggestion that a Royal Commission should be appointed to inquire into the whole question.

SOME DRASTIC RECOMMENDATIONS, it was reported, will be made by the Royal Commission which, with Lord Derby for Chairman, has been investigating the affairs of the City Companies. One of them was said to be the abolition of both hereditary and purchased membership; another the sale of their lands and the administration of the proceeds, and of all the rest of their corporate property, by Commissioners appointed for the purpose. Speaking in the City, the Lord Mayor has since pronounced these surmises to have been so little founded in fact that the report of the Commission has not even been drafted.

IN LONDON ALONE 150 leading firms in the drapery and other trades have signified their intention to give their assistants a Christmas holiday from Saturday to Thursday morning.

THE CHARITY COMMISSIONERS having proposed to devote to the erection and support of an institution for the instruction and recreation of the population of the East End a sum of 12,000*l.*, left by Mr. Beaumont for the rational amusement of the people, a meeting has been held at the Mansion House to promote the scheme. Professor Huxley gave some striking reminiscences of his sojourn at the East End when he resided there as a medical man, and declared that the lot of the savage was preferable to the dullness and the mechanical monotony, to say nothing of the misery, of life at the East End as he remembered it. He insisted on the necessity for providing rational amusement for the people. Mr. Goschen spoke in the same strain, while at the same time dwelling on the aptitude for a higher culture to be found at the East End, and he referred to the pleasure derived by orderly multitudes of working people from the popular concerts in Hyde Park.

THE USUAL DEMONSTRATION AT DERRY to celebrate the anniversary of the Shutting of its Gates was prohibited by a proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant. But the Apprentice Boys marched in procession to church, and afterwards held a public meeting, at

which they were addressed by Lord Claud Hamilton and other speakers, who condemned the treatment of Lord Rossmore by the Government, and protested against an extension of the suffrage in Ireland.

A DECLARATION HAS BEEN SIGNED by more than fifty of the magistrates of the county of Armagh, including the Duke of Manchester and Lord Kilmorey, expressive of their sorrow at the dismissal of Lord Rossmore from the Commission of the Peace.

A LOYALIST CLUB of Conservatives and Liberals, Protestants and Roman Catholics, has been formed for the city and county of Cork, in opposition to the Nationalist movement. The Earl of Brandon has been elected President.

THE REMAINS OF THE LATE MR. RICHARD DOYLE were interred in Kensal Green Cemetery on Monday. Among the mourners were Mr. and Mrs. Holman Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Poynter, Mr. Herbert, R.A., Mr. Charles Hallé, and Mr. Frederick Locker.

IN THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK we note the death of the Dowager Countess of Lisburne, formerly Maid of Honour to Queen Adelaide; of the Venerable Anthony Huxtable, Prebendary of Salisbury, and formerly Archdeacon of Dorset, in his seventy-sixth year; of the Rev. Sir Gilbert Frankland Lewis, brother of the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis, and formerly a Canon of Worcester, at the age of 75; and of Mr. W. Sheldon, at the age of eighty. Mr. Sheldon, who was a member of the Society of Friends, had been for half a century actively employed in facilitating the means of locomotion. He promoted stage-coach communication between England and Scotland before the railway era, and afterwards aided in developing omnibus traffic in London. He then occupied himself with the construction of tramways, and co-operated with George Francis Train in constructing and working the first tramway in London. Many of the Continental tramways were constructed and set in operation by him, and he was associated with the companies which established tramways in our chief provincial towns.

GOLDEN-WEDDING GIFT TO CLUNY MACPHERSON AND LADY CLUNY

AT Cluny Castle, in Badenoch, on December 20th, 1882, there was celebrated with great rejoicing the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of the venerable Chief of Clan Chattan to the lady who, for half a century, has shared the affection and loyalty of his clan and tenantry. Cluny Macpherson of Cluny—a living embodiment of all the virtues of the old patriarchal Highland chief—is the direct hereditary head of the race known as the Clan Chattan. Their earlier deeds of prowess must be passed by here for lack of space. Suffice to say that they fought at Bannockburn and Harlaw, they were out in great force under Montrose and Dundee, and again in the unsuccessful Stuart risings of 1715 and 1745. At the close of the latter conflict a reward of 1,000*l.* was offered for the capture of Cluny Macpherson, but, although upwards of a hundred persons knew of his hiding-place, he made good his escape to France, where he died a year afterwards. He was succeeded by his son, Colonel Duncan Macpherson, who died in 1817. The present Chief, son of Colonel Macpherson, and grandson of the hero of 1745, was born in 1804, and on the 20th December, 1832, married Sarah Justina, youngest daughter of the late Henry Davidson, Esq., of Tulloch.



It was resolved on the occasion of the Golden Wedding to present an address and a memorial to the venerable pair. The memorial was subscribed for by clansmen not only in Scotland, but in all parts of the world. A sketch of it only was shown at the time of the Golden Wedding. It has now been completed. It consists of a silver candelabrum or centre piece. An oak tree forms the stem, with nine branches for candles. It sustains in the midst a richly-cut dish for fruit or flowers. At its foot is placed a group representing a scene from the affair of 1745. Sir Hector Munro, a Hanoverian officer, is questioning Cluny (who, disguised as a servant, has been holding Sir Hector's horse), as to the whereabouts of his supposed master. He replies, "I do not know, and if I did, I should not tell you." Whereupon Sir Hector says: "You're a good fellow, here's a shilling for you." There being no authentic portrait of Cluny of the '45, the artist, Mr. Clark Stanton, A.R.S.A., has adopted the features of the present Chief. Suspended on the trunk of the oak are a target and other accoutrements. The vase bears on one side the arms of Macpherson and Davidson, with the supporters, coat, and motto; and on the other a shield bearing the following inscription (in Gaelic and English):—"Presented, along with an illuminated address, to Cluny Macpherson, C.B., and Lady Cluny, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding, by their friends and clansmen, 20th December, 1882." The execution of the centre piece was entrusted to Mr. James Aitchison, Edinburgh, Goldsmith to the Queen.



PRINCE BISMARCK is getting thin. For some time he has been strictly dieted, and now his weight has fallen to 195*lbs.*, after maintaining an average of 237*lbs.* for twelve years, and the Chancellor is all the better for the change.

A CURIOUS SHOWER OF LIVE FISH fell in Scotland on Saturday during a heavy storm of wind and rain. The navvies working on the New Caledonian Railway at Airdrie were rained upon by a number of some species of perch, which they gathered up and took home. The nearest water, except a neighbouring canal, is some six miles off.

THE GORGEOUS SUNSETS which have recently occurred in most parts of the world have given several serious frights to the Americans. On one evening in particular the sky was so lurid in the States of New York and Connecticut that everybody believed that a huge fire was raging somewhere. The fire-bells were rung, and the men turned out.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM will shortly acquire a very beautiful carved stone gateway, presented by the Maharajah Scindia as a specimen of modern development of Indian art. The gateway, which is thirty-six feet high, has been specially executed at his command, and will be shown at the Calcutta Exhibition before coming to England.

BLINDNESS IS STEADILY DECREASING amongst us, owing, it is considered, to the advance in surgical treatment of the eyes, and to the decline of such diseases as small-pox, &c., among children. For thirty years this affliction has gradually lessened; but within the last decade the improvement is specially noticeable, and the last returns reckon some 22,832 blind persons—about one in every 1,138.

A WHOLE VILLAGE has been razed to the ground in Bavaria—the hamlet of Oberberghausen, near Freising, and not far from Munich, in order that the Government may cultivate a willow plantation on the site. The village was very old, the wood-covered church, where a farewell service was held, dating nearly a thousand years back, and now only a wooden cross marks the place of a thrifty colony.

A "JOURNAL PARLÉ" has been tried in Paris with somewhat qualified success. Such varied topics as usually fill the columns of a daily journal were verbally related to the audience by different literary men. An artist sketched certain subjects of the day on a huge board, and some other pictures were given by means of a magic lantern. But general opinion declares that no one wants to go out to spend two hours and 1*s.* 8*d.* on what he could read in a quarter of an hour for 1½*d.* comfortably by his own fireside.

THE POPULAR OPERA shortly to be tried in Paris at the Château d'Eau will be available at cheap prices for the masses. Some seats will only cost 5*d.*, and the stalls will be 2*s.* 6*d.*, while it is specially intended that this Opera shall afford opportunities for young composers and singers who are not yet qualified for the more important houses. By the way, a well-known operatic character in Paris has just died—Father David, who was leader of the *claque* at the Opéra for over forty years. He was an old Empire soldier, and from long dramatic experience was much consulted by managers on the probabilities of success. He sat usually in the first row of the pit, with a few of his band round him and others dispersed about the house, and his small cane regulated the applause. A light tap on the floor signified only moderate applause, but when he swung his cane round the *claqueurs* were bound to show the utmost vigour and enthusiasm.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,722 deaths were registered, against 1,628 during the previous seven days, a rise of 94, but being 179 below the average, and at the rate of 22.7 per 1,000, a higher rate than has prevailed in any week since July. There were 7 deaths from small-pox (a rise of 5, and 14 below the average), 53 from measles (an increase of 9, but 19 below the average), 40 from scarlet fever (a decline of 13, and 28 below the average), 24 from diphtheria (an increase of 1), 42 from whooping-cough (a fall of 1), 2 from typhus fever, 25 from enteric fever (a decline of 1, but exceeding the average by 2), and 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery, being 3 below the average. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 471, an increase of 23, but being 95 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 54 deaths; 47 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 20 from fractures and contusions, 6 from burns and scalds, 3 from drowning, and 9 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Six cases of suicide were registered. The death of a male inmate of the Hampstead Workhouse, whose age was stated to be 106 years, occurred on the 9th inst. The certified cause of death was "senile gangrene, three weeks." There were 2,540 births registered, against 2,346 during the previous week, being 133 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 44.0 deg., and 5.0 deg. above the average.

CHRISTMAS APPEALS.—In this charitable season an earnest plea for help is put forward by the parish of St. Mary, Whitechapel, E., where the present church has just completed its first year of existence, the former Whitechapel Church having been burnt down in 1880. Ever since 1329 a church has stood on this site, and the present building is the fourth in order, two of its predecessors having perished from age and the last from fire. In such a poor parish the needs are numerous and pressing, and can hardly be supplied by the East-Enders themselves, so that the wealthier brethren are asked to aid both by money and personal help in some of the numerous charities and organisations connected with the Church. Nearly every branch of parish work seems elaborated and card for here, two particular features being the mission to the Jews, who so abound in this district, and the open-air services. Contributions may be sent to the Rev. A. J. Robinson, the Rector, Whitechapel, E. Another parish much wanting assistance is St. Andrew's, Lambeth, where gifts of money, clothing, blankets, &c., will be thankfully received by the Vicar, Rev. T. Fielder, 108, Stamford Street, S.E. Amongst appeals for Christmas dinners for the poor we may mention the Hackney Juvenile Mission and Ragged Schools, which want to give 600 children a Christmas meal of roast beef and plum pudding—subscriptions to be sent for the "Dinner Fund" to H. M. Heath, Esq., 54, Cazenove Road, Stamford Hill, or to the Hon. Treasurer, A. Knight, Esq., Knightsville, Amersham Park, New Cross; the Nelson Street Ragged School and Mission, Camberwell, which also wishes to feed poor children and their destitute parents—contributions received by the Treasurer, Hon. A. F. Kinnaird, 2, Pall Mall East, or the Hon. Secretary, J. Kirk, Esq., 5, Bramah Road, Brixton; and the South London Association for Assisting the Blind, which is anxious to provide the poor blind members and guides with their eleventh annual Christmas meal, and such presents of money and warm clothing as the surplus funds may permit—contributions to be sent to the Treasurer, G. Tozer, Esq., Lambeth Branch, London and Westminster Bank, Westminster Road, S.E. Help is also asked to provide coats for 105 inmates of the Homes for the Aged Poor, who, though not absolutely destitute, are very poor, and sadly need assistance. There are now seven of these homes, and the number of applicants greatly exceeds the accommodation. Funds will be received by the Hon. Secretary, Miss S. A. Harrison, 5, Grand Acre Terrace, Aueley.



THE STRAND—Mr. Edward Compton as Jack Rover in "Wild Cats"



THE AVENUE—Mr. Lionel Brough as the Baron Von Gondremarck, and Miss Lillian La Rue as Christine Von Gondremarck in "La Vie"



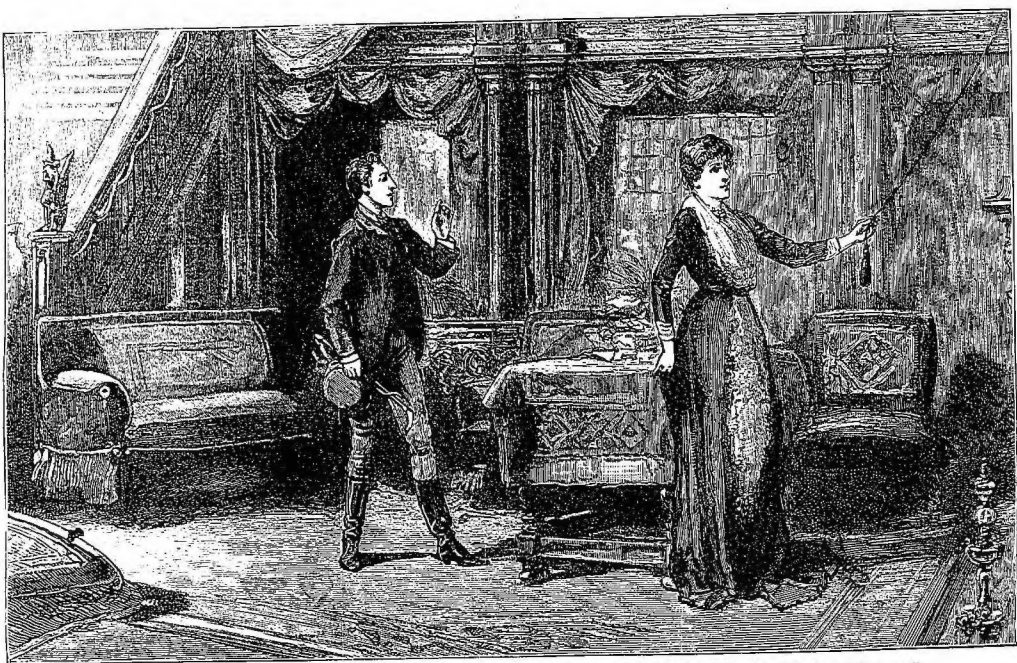
THE ADELPHI—Mr. Charles Wyndham as Ruth, and Miss Isabel Bateman as Ruth in "The Ranks"



THE COMEDY—Miss Violet Cameron as Falka, Miss Wadman as Edwige, Mr. Harry Fawcett as Folbach, Mr. W. H. Hamilton as Bolclan, and Mr. Penley as Lay Brother Polican in "Falka"



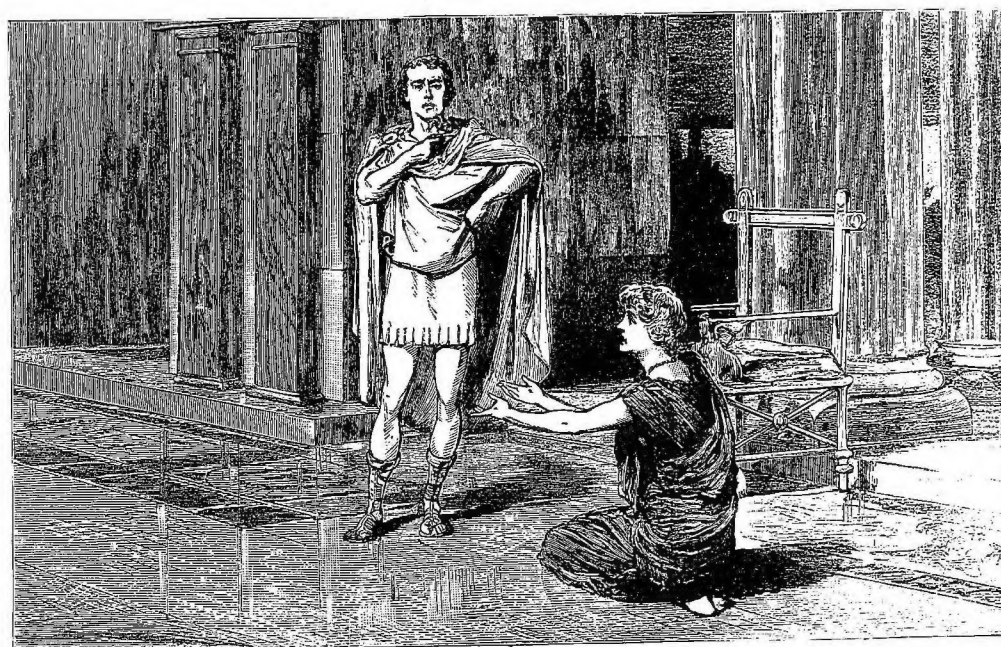
THE ALHAMBRA—Mr. J. G. Taylor as King Calino in "The Golden Ring"



THE HAYMARKET—Mrs. Bernard Beere as Mrs. Devenish, and Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson as the Earl of Caryl in "Lords and Commons"



THE LYCEUM—Miss Mary Wilson as Galatea in "Pygmalion"



THE PRINCESS'S—Mr. Wilson Barrett as Claudian, and Miss Eastlake as Almida in "Claudian"



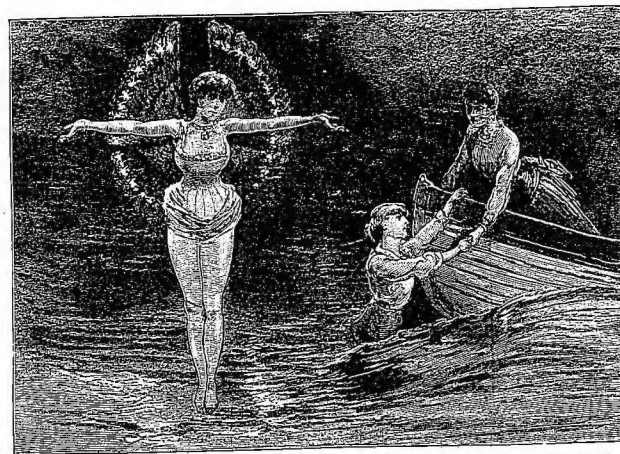
THE SAVOY—Mr. Grossmith in "The Drama on Criticism"



THE COURT—Mrs. John Wood as Lady Henmarsh, Miss Marion Terry as Katherine Guyon, and Mr. Arthur Cecil as Mr. Guyon in "The Millionaire"



TOOLE'S—Mr. J. L. Toole as Prince, Miss Alice as Princess, and Miss Marie Linden as Princess in "Stage Dora"



THE GAIETY—Miss Nelly Farrer as Ariel, Miss Constance Gilchrist as Miranda, and Miss Phyllis Broughton as Ferdinand in "Ariel"



THE GLOBE—Mr. Berthold Tree as Prince Borowski in "The Glass of Fashion"



AUTHENTIC news of Hicks Pasha's disaster has at last come from the SOUDAN. A black man who had accompanied Hicks Pasha on his march to Obeid has returned to Khartoum. He confirms the statement that Hicks Pasha had gained two successes previous to the battle of Kashgate, but reports that in the final engagement, owing to the rocky nature of the ground, and the number of trees, no proper formation could be preserved among the soldiers. They fought in detached groups, each body being surrounded by Arabs, who picked them off in turn. Hicks Pasha fought like a lion, discharging the contents of his revolver three times, and then using his sword. He was the last of the staff to die. The heads of the staff officers and of the Egyptian officers were struck off, shown to the prisoners, and then fixed on the gates of El Obeid. The Mahdi ordered the wounded to be taken care of, and it is said that the Arabs intend to build a tomb over Hicks Pasha's body in recognition of his great bravery. Mr. Vizetelly appears to have been made prisoner, but there is no mention of any wounded officer. The Mahdi, despite his success, does not appear to be recognised by many of the chief tribes of the Soudan, and noteworthy by the great Kabbabish tribe, which in a great measure remains loyal to the Khédive. Considerable anxiety is felt at Khartoum, where Colonel de Coetlogon has a garrison of only 2,000 men. Of Toka and Sinkat we have spoken elsewhere.

Baker Pasha left Cairo for Suakim on Tuesday, and an enormous crowd assembled at the railway station to bid him farewell. He was accompanied by Captain Harvey and Consul Baker. Before starting he received a letter from the Khédive, urging him to act prudently, as the forces under his command were insufficient, and to prefer conciliatory means rather than force with the chiefs of surrounding tribes, as it would be hazardous to begin military operations before the 2,000 gendarmes, which at present form his force at Suakim, are reinforced by Zebehr's forces of negroes and Bedouins. Even then the enemy should only be engaged under the most favourable circumstances. Meanwhile Baker Pasha's immediate task will be to pacify the country between Suakim and Berber, and to maintain the communication between those two towns. Considerable anxiety is felt with regard to the safety of the Expedition, more especially as much restlessness is being displayed by Christians and Mussulmans alike. Nor has this uneasiness been diminished by the report that the British Government have definitely declined all military assistance, but have accorded permission to the Porte to send Turkish troops to the Soudan *via* Suakim. From Alexandria we hear of several deaths from cholera, of a serious fire in the Great Square, and that the sum now awarded by the International Indemnity amounts to 2,740,000*l.*, to 6,894 claimants.

IN FRANCE, there has been grave news from Tonkin. Tiephoa, the King of Annam, has been poisoned—it is said through the intrigues of the Chinese, and a rebellion is threatened at Hué. M. Ferry immediately decided upon sending out further reinforcements of 5,000 men, and lost no time in asking the Chamber for a supplementary credit of 800,000*l.* The troops will now be placed under the command-in-chief of a General of Division, and the total force raised to a strength of 15,000 men. There was a brief debate on the subject on Tuesday, when M. Ferry declared that this fresh credit was the logical sequence of the recent vote of the Chamber by which the Government was authorised to act with energy if circumstances so required. He declared also that Chinese diplomacy had been thwarted by that vote, as China had not expected the Chamber to fall in so completely with the views of the Government. The vote, however, had condemned the vacillating and half-hearted policy of past years, and the Cabinet accordingly considered itself bound to take immediate and resolute action. There was considerable grumbling on the part of the Radicals, but M. Ferry eventually carried his point by 312 votes to 180, and the Bill was sent up to the Senate, where, together with the Bill authorising the first credit, it was to be discussed on Thursday. Meanwhile Admiral Courbet has begun his advance upon Sontay, and has telegraphed that he moved forward on the 11th inst. from Hanoi.

IN PARIS there has been much discussion regarding the situation in the East. The despatch of reinforcements is highly popular with the Army, and the number of volunteers is far in excess of those the Government had asked for. Moreover, the idea of England acting as mediator has met with little favour, and the very fact that such an offer has been mooted is treated as a further proof of England's chronic perfidy, and of her usual policy of making France the military catspaw to pull the commercial chestnuts out of the fire. Not that Eastern affairs have wholly monopolised Gallic attention. Mr. Bradlaugh has been to Paris, and has had a "punch of honour" given him by the staff of *La Lanterne*. Mr. Bradlaugh drank to "Your Republic and to Ours," and to the *Lanterne* "for the good light which it has thrown upon freedom of thought and liberty, and of which we shall hope alike to enjoy the benefit." To this his hosts responded with shouts of "Long live the English Republic!" and with the wholly appropriate strains of "God Save the Queen" from a band. In political circles also much comment has been excited by the bitter quarrel in the Chamber between MM. Jules and Charles Ferry and a Bonapartist Deputy, M. Cunéo d'Ornano, who was subsequently challenged by M. Charles Ferry—the matter being ultimately patched up by the intervention of M. Brisson. The Bonapartists, indeed, have been to the fore this week, as Prince Victor has written yet another letter—this time to his father, disavowing the various attempts now being made to divide them, and declaring that "You are the head of my family. I am the faithful champion of the Napoleonic tradition." Social circles have been saddened by the death, at the age of seventy-three, of M. Henri Martin, the well-known historian, who was as much loved for his personal qualities as respected for his great talents. The Paris season is now showing signs of the usual Christmas revival, and there have been several noteworthy theatrical novelties. First, there is a highly successful drama at the Gymnase, M. Georges Ohnet's *Maitre de Forges*, in which Mlle. Jeanne Hading and M. Damala ("Sarah's" husband) singularly distinguished themselves. M. Zola's notorious *Pot Bouille* has been produced at the Ambigu, and a new comic opera at the Renaissance, *Fanfreuche*, to which one gentleman, M. Serpette, has supplied the music, and three the words, MM. Barani, Gaston Hirsch, and Saint-Arroman. A capital new ballet also, *La Farampoule*, has been produced at the Opéra. Madame Sarah Bernhardt has come once more to the fore by chastising with a cane an ex-actress who has written a somewhat personal skit entitled "Sarah Barnum."

The Crown Prince of GERMANY has been very cordially received in ITALY, both by Clericals and Monarchists. The Prince arrived in Rome on Monday. He was met at the railway station by King Humbert, and received a perfect ovation from the crowds who thronged the streets on the way to the Quirinal. At the Quirinal Square there were cries raised of "Long live Savoy," "Long live Germany." At the Palace the Prince was greeted by the Queen, whom he kissed on the forehead. In the evening there was a State dinner, and the Forum was illuminated. On Tuesday the Prince paid the much-talked-of visit to the Pope. As His Holiness utterly ignores the presence of the King of Italy in Rome he could not

exchange greetings with a guest of the Quirinal, so accordingly the fiction was adopted of the Prince residing at the house of Dr. Schloezer, the Prussian Representative to the Vatican. Thus Cardinal Jacobini called on the Prince there, and thence the Prince, after breakfasting with Dr. Schloezer, proceeded to the Vatican. There he was received with all the honours which of yore were rendered by the Pontifical Court to Sovereigns. The Prince was closeted with the Pope for nearly an hour, and subsequently had a long interview with Cardinal Jacobini. In the afternoon the Prince drove out with the King and Queen, and subsequently held a grand reception of all the great dignitaries of State. On Wednesday there was a grand review and gala theatrical performance. The visit of the Prince to the Vatican has naturally been the talk in political circles throughout Europe, and, indeed, there is little doubt but that Prince Bismarck at the present juncture of affairs is only too glad to avail himself of the Prince's visit to bring about a more complete reconciliation between Church and State in Germany, and thus bringing the Kulturkampf to a definitive end. The Prince's visit apart, political circles in Italy are somewhat agitated by a Parliamentary crisis, which, however, has ended in a vote of confidence in the Ministry.

IN GERMANY the Conservatives of the Prussian Landtag have carried a practical vote of want of confidence in Herr von Puttkammer, the Minister of the Interior, who wished to abolish the present secret ballot at the Reichstag elections. A vote for the remuneration of functionaries demanded by the Minister was rejected owing to a recent statement that all such remuneration would be withheld from officials who have voted for Liberal candidates at the elections. The Chamber adjourned, until the 8th prox., on Wednesday. Prince Bismarck gave them a holiday task in the form of his long-promised Income Tax Reform Bill. By this, instead of a uniform tax of 3 per cent. being imposed upon all incomes, those below 60*l.* will escape scot free, while for higher incomes there will be a sliding scale until 3 per cent. is reached. on those of 500*l.* Moreover, investors are to be taxed at a higher rate, so as to make up the deficit, and place them on the same footing with landowners, who pay a land-tax in addition to that upon incomes. The judgment in the *Sultan - Cimbria* collision case has at last been given by the Maritime Court. The question of who is responsible for the catastrophe is left undecided, but the officers of the *Sultan* are blamed for losing their presence of mind, and being thus unable to render assistance to the *Cimbria*. On the other hand the gallantry of the second officer and second engineer of the *Cimbria* is highly praised.

There is considerable political agitation in SPAIN. The Protectionists are up in arms at the concessions to England in the proposed new Treaty, and are aided in their opposition by the Conservatives. The compact also by which Señor Sagasta promised to support the present Administration shows signs of weakness. In his speech on Saturday when he opened the Cortes the King promised the introduction of an Electoral Reform Bill at the end of the Session. When Señor Sagasta, however, was elected President he urged the Deputies to attack military, social, and financial questions, and to leave political reforms over for the present. This is considered to indicate a serious divergence of opinion with the Government. The King's speech was preceded by a Republican manifesto from Señor Zorrilla, defending the military rising of last August, violently attacking the Bourbon family and the Monarchical form of Government, and proclaiming the necessity for a Spanish Republic. Then there has been a *fracas* between the French Ambassador, who was returning to Madrid, and some railway employees at Irun. The Ambassador was warned off a garden where the public had no right, and becoming angry struck one of the officials. He subsequently demanded the man's dismissal, which was refused by the Cabinet. Altogether *Cosas d'Espana* appear somewhat complicated just at present.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from AUSTRIA that the Bill legalising marriages between Jews and Christians which was rejected by the Upper House has been referred again to their consideration by the Lower Chamber. There has been a Socialist scare this week at Vienna owing to the murder of a police official, and several arrests have been made.—In RUSSIA there is a serious commercial crisis at St. Petersburg, which is causing a great want of money.—In PORTUGAL there has been a serious fire at the Lisbon Dockyard, and a new training brig, *Camoens*, was burnt.—In TURKEY Said Pasha has drawn the attention of the Powers to the fact that Aleko Pasha's term of office as Governor of Eastern Roumelia is coming to a close.—In SERBIA the King has been busy pardoning and commuting the death sentences of those concerned in the recent rising. His clemency has made him greatly popular.—In BULGARIA the Parliament has been modifying the constitution.—From the UNITED STATES there is little news. The Irish papers comment angrily upon the execution of O'Donnell, but the purely American Press blame their Government for having interfered at all in the matter.



THE QUEEN has gone to Osborne for Christmas. Before Her Majesty left Windsor the Princess Louise spent a few days at the Castle, and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh lunched with the Queen on Saturday, for the Duke to take leave on his departure with the Channel Squadron. In the evening Lord and Lady Wolseley, Sir E. Whitmore, and Sir H. Ponsonby joined the Royal party at dinner. Next morning Her Majesty, with the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Rev. E. Capel Cure preached, and in the evening Prince and Princess Christian and the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Davidson dined with the Queen. Princess Louise left on Monday, when Lady Biddulph and Mrs. F. J. Edwards dined with Her Majesty. On Tuesday morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice left Windsor, accompanied by the two children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and reached Osborne in time for lunch. Here they will probably remain until the middle of February. The Royal dinner on Christmas Day will, as usual, include a huge baron of beef from a shorthorn ox, fed on the Prince Consort's Farm, Windsor, a boar's head, and a game pie.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday presided at a meeting of the Royal Commissioners for the 1851 Exhibition, the Duke of Edinburgh also being present, and in the evening the Prince accompanied the Princess to the Haymarket Theatre. Next morning the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service, and the Crown Prince of Portugal joined the Royal party at lunch, while subsequently the Prince of Wales went to Victoria Station to wish the Duke of Edinburgh good-bye. On Monday morning the Prince saw the Crown Prince of Portugal off from Waterloo Station, and subsequently left town with the Princess of Wynyard Park, Durham, on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry. The young Princesses also left for Sandringham, being joined at Cambridge by Prince Albert Victor on his return home at the close of Term. On Tuesday and Wednesday the Prince of Wales shot over the Wynyard covers. The Prince and Princess return to Sandringham for Christmas, and on January

21st go to Crichel House, Dorset, to visit Lord and Lady Alington. Probably the Prince will visit Newcastle in May to inaugurate the new grounds presented to the city by Sir W. Armstrong, the Museum of the Natural History Society, and the Coble Dene Dock, now being completed.

The Duke of Edinburgh has left England on a four months' cruise, in command of the Channel Squadron. On Saturday night the Duke and Duchess went to the Princess's Theatre, and next afternoon left for Portsmouth, where they stayed with Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar. On Monday morning the Duke hoisted his flag on board the *Minotaur*, where the Duchess shortly came on board, and inspected the vessel, the Duke and Duchess returning on shore when the *Minotaur* left for Spithead to take in her powder and shell. They lunched at Government House, and the Duke saw the Duchess off to town, subsequently rejoining his vessel at Spithead, where she was much delayed by the shipping of the ammunition, and did not leave until early on Tuesday for Vigo, to join the rest of the Channel Squadron. The Duke occupies a suite of apartments under the poop in the *Minotaur*, but few alterations have been made save re-painting and carpeting. The only noticeable addition is a desk fitted with electrical apparatus, by which the Duke can communicate with all parts of the ship without quitting his cabin.—The Duke and Duchess of Albany have been staying this week with Lord and Lady Salisbury at Hatfield.

The Crown Prince of Portugal has returned home. He sailed from Portsmouth on Monday for Lisbon.



WHILE the guest of Lord Norton, at Hams Hall, near Birmingham, the Archbishop of Canterbury visited that town, opening a new gymnasium at King Edward's School, where he was once a scholar. Speaking at a Church gathering, his Grace said that he did not pretend to, as was too often the case, but he really did, respect the opinions of all religious sects, because they were all aiming at the moral and social improvement of the people.

THE COMMITTEE of the Sheffield working-men who some months ago presented the Archbishop of York with an address and a cabinet of cutlery, have been paying by invitation a visit to his Grace. Under his guidance they inspected the Cathedral and other places of interest in York, and before leaving for home were hospitably entertained by the Archbishop at Bishopthorpe.

MR. GLADSTONE has intimated his approval of the scheme for the creation of a separate Bishopric of Bristol, subject to several conditions, the chief of which is that a sum be raised sufficient to endow the See with 2,000*l.* a year. The Bishop of Gloucester has offered to devote to it annually 550*l.* from his episcopal income.

ON WEDNESDAY the chapel of King's College was crowded by past and present students at a service, after which Dr. Barry preached an affecting farewell sermon.

A MISSION in defence of the scientific and historical accuracy of the Scriptures has been organised, and is promoted by prelates and dignitaries of the Church of all shades of Church opinion, and by members of both Houses of Parliament of both political parties, as well as by eminent men of science. Popular lectures in support of the objects of the Mission are to be delivered throughout the country.

THERE WAS A SLIGHT DECREASE in the amount collected this year as compared with last, according to the statement laid before the annual meeting of the clerical and other representatives of the congregations contributing to the Hospital Sunday Fund. But this year the number of contributing congregations was seventy-seven more than last. The highest amount contributed by any one congregation was 917*l.*, from St. Michael's, Chester Square. Of the places of worship in connection with other Communions than that of the Church of England, the Great Synagogue contributed the largest sum—247*l.* Next came Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle with 213*l.*

PREACHING AT THE CITY TEMPLE, Dr. Parker has repudiated an alliance with Agnostics for the Disestablishment of the Church of England. It was for the sake of religion, he said, that Nonconformists sought Disestablishment. No such motive could animate Agnostics. They would disestablish the Church because they would, so to speak, disestablish Christianity.

MORE THAN A MILLION STERLING was contributed in the United Kingdom last year to the support of Foreign Missions. Fully a half of this sum was subscribed by purely Church of England Societies.

THE LONDON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION is organising a body of lay-preachers whose work is described as intended to be undenominational and unsectarian.

THE MOODY AND SANKEY MEETINGS in Stepney are crowded to overflowing, a large proportion of the attendance being contributed by the working classes.



CONCERTS.—At the tenth Crystal Palace Concert the programme, besides a too rarely heard symphony by Haydn (first of the famous "Salomon" twelve), and, glorious as it is, the over-frequently presented *Leonora* overture (No. 3), comprised novelty by no means without interest. The opening example was a concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, composed by M. Auguste Dupont (brother to Signor Bevilacqua's co-director at the Royal Italian Opera), a musician of unquestionable merit, though never soaring to the highest flights. The key of his concerto is F minor. Its chief defect, more especially in the first movement, is diffuseness—that plague of modern times. The work, however, is throughout well written, if not greatly accommodating to the executant, and almost everywhere effective for the chief instrument. Madame Frickenhaus played the whole with ease and fluency, eliciting marked approval in the final *presto*, the brilliant character of which is admirably suited to her own naturally brilliant style. Equally welcome from a different point of view were the two "Orchestral Sketches," by Mr. John Francis Barwell—"trifles," if we be minded so to style them, but graceful and expressive nevertheless. No. 1 ("The Ebbing Tide,") bearing the affected nomenclature of "Tone-Poem," which, like the return to themes already used, is becoming a stale device, and might be abandoned without detriment, is at the same time likely to attract all sensitive hearers. On the other hand No. 2 ("Elfland,") is extremely pretty, and, allowing for some slight abuse of the "pizzicato," arranged for the orchestra with considerable piquancy and taste. The singers were the always promising Miss Thudichum, from our Royal Academy of Music, and Herr George Ritter, a *débutant* from Germany, to name whom will suffice. Owing to the absence of Mr. Manns, the eleventh concert is deferred to the 16th of February, 1884.

THE CONCERT GIVEN AT ST. JAMES'S HALL on Saturday evening by Madame Albani associated by Mr. Sims Reeves, we need scarcely say, was attended by one of the largest audiences of the winter season. Two such artists but rarely combine in such entertainments; nevertheless, not implicitly relying on their own unaided attraction, they enlisted the services of two instrumental performers occupying an equally high position in another sphere—namely, M. Vladimir de Pachmann and Mr. J. T. Carrodus, who, it will suffice to add, joined Madame Albani in the "Ave Maria" which M. Gounod has founded upon Bach's first Prelude, and shared in the honours of the "encore" unanimously accorded, besides performing solos of their own. Mr. Sims Reeves had judiciously selected his songs with a view to his own peculiar temperament, and the contrast they presented one to another. His first was the truly devotional air from Sir Julius Benedict's oratorio of *St. Peter*; his second was the romance, "Una furtiva lagrima"; his third, "The Bay of Biscay"—a very favourable interchange, by the way, for "The White Squall." Besides her share in the "Ave Maria," Madame Albani gave the cavatina, "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*; a Scotch ballad, "It's We Two for Aye," for an encore heartily awarded to which she substituted the opening air in Donizetti's *Linda di Chamounix*; and last, not least, joined Mr. Sims Reeves in the duet, "Parigi, O Cara," from *La Traviata*. Other vocalists took part in this, after its fashion, highly interesting programme, including Madame Antoinette Sterling, who rendered, with irreproachable sentiment and proportionate effect, "Love not the World," from Sir Arthur Sullivan's too much neglected sacred cantata, the *Prodigal Son*, and Mr. Barrington Foote, who introduced a stirring song by Mr. Herbert Reeves, entitled "Highwayman Jack." The solo chosen by Mr. Carrodus was De Beriot's "Le Tremolo," in which he was accompanied by Master Carrodus, his promising son; this also was encored. To diversify the programme, the Anemoic Union gave pieces by Mozart, Macfarren, Verdi, and Weber.

THE LAST OF THE POPULAR CONCERTS previous to their resumption after Christmas is fixed for this afternoon, when Beethoven's septet, one of the earliest pieces introduced in Mr. Chappell's programmes, is to be played for the thirty-eighth time. It would seem (*pace* the "advanced people") that Beethoven has at length obtained a complete hold on public favour.

WALFS.—Ponchielli's *Gioconda* has been given at Pesh, with our favourite, Turloa, as the heroine.—E. Nesler's opera, *Der Rattenfänger von Hameln*, has met with a favourable reception at Rotterdam.—Auguste, only son of the late composer, Offenbach, died at Cannes on the 7th inst., aged twenty-one.—Annette Essipoff has given some remarkably successful concerts at the Orenburg (Russia).—Signor Faccio, the conductor, has returned from Paris to Milan.—The following operas are preparing in Italy for the Carnival: *Giordano Bruno*, by Bartolucci, and *Fernando della Cruz*, by Sansone, at the Teatro dal Verone, Milan; *Il Conte Rosso*, by Rossi, at the Carlo Felice, Genoa; *Tito Vezio*, by A. Giovanini, at the Argentina, Rome; and *Don Luigi di Toledo*, by Cerioni, at the Gaffurio, Lodi. During the same season there will be fifty-nine theatres open in Italy, as compared with seventy-one last year.—The number of theatres now open in Berlin is fifteen.—In consequence of a misunderstanding with Dr. Hans von Bülow, Franz Mannstädt has resigned his post of *Ducal Kapellmeister* at Meiningen, and intends returning to Berlin.



ALTHOUGH COVENT GARDEN has forsaken old traditions, and become unmindful of the days when the haughty, unbending John Kemble condescended to invoke the aid of Grimaldi at pantomime seasons, there will be no falling-off this Christmas in the supply of this still immensely popular form of entertainment. DRURY LANE claims, as before, the foremost place, not, however, without tokens of a struggle on the part of HER MAJESTY'S. All persons who take even the faintest interest in this subject are already aware that Mr. E. L. Blanchard has this year chosen for his grand Drury Lane pantomime the story of "Cinderella"—not, it is true, a particularly new theme for the exercise of the pantomimist's fancy, but that, so far from being regarded as a fault, is in the eyes of young folk a positive merit. Rumour speaks of gorgeous scenery, and more particularly of a grand procession of nursery heroes, which is to throw into the shade the memorable procession of the kings and queens of last year. But for the sovereign power of personal popularity, the graceful Miss Kate Vaughan, whose name figures so prominently in Mr. Harris's public announcements, might be in danger of being overlooked amidst these gorgeous surroundings; but neither this accomplished lady, nor Miss Palladino, nor the flying dancers, nor the rest of the popular members of Mr. Harris's company, really run the least risk of missing cordial recognition of their talents at the hands of that most good-natured of all assemblies—a Christmas holiday audience. Here let us note, by the way, that COVENT GARDEN will open its doors, under the management of Mr. Friend, early in the New Year, with an English company, in M. Nesler's grand romantic opera, the *Pied Piper of Hamelin*. As to HER MAJESTY'S, there shall ye see, as the old pro- phesies were wont to express it, the talented and highly-flexible Vokes family (who have left behind them at Drury Lane so many pleasing associations), together with a vast company of pantomimists and dancers, in a new pantomime by Mr. Frank Green on the subject of "Little Red Riding Hood." Looking wider afield we find that pantomime is to flourish at the IMPERIAL, where an opening entitled *Prospero*, and, we need hardly add, founded on *The Tempest*, is to be the prominent feature of the Christmas entertainments. These, with *Jack and the Bean Stalk* at the new GRAND Theatre at Islington, *Blue Beard* at the CRYSTAL PALACE, *Jack and Jill* at the SURREY, *Puss in Boots* at the NATIONAL STANDARD, *Queen Dodo* at the BRITANNIA, and *Dick Whittington* at the ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, well nigh exhaust, we believe, the pantomimes properly so called in London and the suburbs.

A dramatic author who prefers the slumber-suggesting *nom de theatre* of Mr. Morfyus, has written a new comedy entitled *Pampas Grass*, which is to be produced by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft when Mr. Pinero's comedy is withdrawn.

The Holborn Theatre, reconstructed and provided with the new name of THE INTERNATIONAL, reopens this evening with a new play called *Alispah*. This Hebrew word signifies a watch-tower, but this does not throw much light upon the nature of the new play. We are told, however, that it belongs to no period of early history either in Palestine or Bithynia, but simply sets forth a romantic story of everyday life in these times. The new lessee is a Miss Dinorben.

Mr. Pinero has written to say that the incidents in *Lords and Commons*, which he has been charged with borrowing from "Ouida's" story entitled "Resurgo," are all to be found in the Swedish novel, published at least twenty years ago, to which he has already confessed his obligations. The resemblance is so strong that it seems probable that "Resurgo" and *Lords and Commons* have a common source.

The *Glass of Fashion* at the GLOBE, though rather coldly received by some of the critics at first, has achieved a thorough popular success. It was played for the hundredth time on Thursday.

A *Moss Rose Rent*, a new vaudeville, written by Mr. Arthur Law, and composed by Mr. A. J. Caldicott, was produced on Monday at MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. The story is lively, and is illustrated with some pretty melodies. A bronchial attack has compelled Mr. Corney Grain to postpone his new holiday sketch, *Master Tommy's School*.

It is officially stated that the receipts for the first week of *Pygmalion and Galatea* at the LYCEUM were over 2,000*l.* for the six nights, representing an average attendance equal to the utmost holding capacity of the theatre.

Coleridge's poetical tragedy, *Remorse*, which has not been played for nearly seventy years, is to be revived early in February, with a strong cast, at a morning performance.

The Poet Laureate is expected to be present at the SAVOY Theatre at the first performance of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera founded on "The Princess."

A revival of *A Scrap of Paper* took the place on Thursday of *Young Folks' Ways* at the ST. JAMES'S.

The *Road to Ruin* has this week been substituted for *Wild Oats* at the STRAND. Mr. Edward Compton gives a very humorous delineation of Goldfinch, the amateur coachman ("That's your sort!").

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS

I.

THIS newly-formed Society owes its existence to the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. Most of the figure painters belonging to that body, and several of the landscape painters are thoroughly accomplished in oil painting, and habitually spend a large portion of their time in its practice. This has no doubt influenced them in determining to devote their spacious gallery in Piccadilly to oil painting. A new Society, consisting of most of the members of the Royal Institute and several other artists of recognised ability, has accordingly been formed. The enterprise which, judging from the first exhibition, seems destined to be permanently successful, is conducted on the most liberal principles, the exhibitions being open to all artists whose works reach the required standard of merit. The Council, too, have wisely determined to admit not more than three pictures by any one artist, this rule applying to members of the Society as well as to outsiders.

The outsiders in the present Exhibition include several of our most eminent painters, some of them being represented by works of rare excellence. Mr. Alma Tadema, for instance, sends a small picture, "Well-known Footsteps" (446), approaching as nearly to technical perfection as anything he has produced. The warm glow of reflected light which illumines the lady seated in the atrium of a Roman house and the brilliant sunshine outside are given with equal force and truth. Nothing could well be more harmonious than the colour of the picture, or more skilful than the rendering of the textures and surfaces of the furs and draperies, the bronzes and variously-coloured marbles. Close by this hangs an animated and apparently truthful picture, representing the interior of a Constantinople *café*, by Mr. J. E. Hodgson, called "East and West" (441). The two English sailors who are recounting their exploits are true types of character, and not less so the Turks, who listen to them with various signs of interest. "Treasure Trove" (503) is the title of an admirable picture by Mr. Briton Rivière, in which several dogs, including a handsome collie and a bull-terrier, are watching, with something like envy, a cur of very low degree, who is skulking to his home with some delicacy rescued from the gutter. The animals—each distinct in character from the rest—are life-like in their movements, and are drawn and painted in masterly style. Mr. J. Pettie sends a life-sized half-length of a young girl with powdered hair attired in the costume of the last century, "Sweet Seventeen" (474). The youthful beauty of the head and its *naïveté* of expression constitute the chief charm of the work, but it is in every way most artistically treated. It is more reticent in style than most of the painter's recent productions, and more complete. An excellent example of C. Van Haanen's work is to be seen in the life-sized "Study of a Head" (272). The face has much beauty, and all its delicate contours are modelled with consummate skill. The picture, too, is in perfect keeping, and has, in an eminent degree, the charm of colour never absent from the artist's work.—M. H. Fantin's portrait of himself (415) is also distinguished by fine modelling of form as well as striking truth of character. It is full, too, of the finest gradations of sombre tone. Two excellent examples of this painter's well-known skill in flower-painting are included in the collection.

Mr. J. D. Linton's only contribution (304), representing a mediæval lady, endowed with abnormal length of limb, leaning on a shield, is of small size, and interesting only for its fine technical qualities—its rich harmony of colour and broad but finished workmanship. Mr. E. J. Gregory sends no important work, but his "Student" displays ability of a rare kind. The attitude of the girl is full of spontaneity and unconscious grace, and though finished in every part with minute and elaborate completeness, the little picture is in excellent keeping. Another small work, richer in colour than this and more broadly painted, "Caterpillars" (227), shows a little girl busy with a broad-leaved plant on a house top. The position of the child's right hand might advantageously be changed; when seen from a little distance it seems to be part of the head, and presents a curiously grotesque appearance. Another phase of this very versatile painter's art is to be seen in a low-toned and very truthful study from nature, "Rough Water on the Medway" (522).

A pleasant and humorously expressive picture of English life in the last century, "A Suspicious Guest at the Mermaid" (389), by Mr. Seymour Lucas, shows the consternation caused by the arrival of an armed horseman at a village inn. The uneasiness of the landlord, who has serious misgivings as to the character of his guest, and the more abject fear of the peasants who are hastily finishing their beer, are expressed with discriminating skill. The colour and composition of the picture are harmonious, and it is painted throughout with the artist's accustomed firmness and solidity. There is much beauty in the head of Mr. E. Long's Oriental maiden "Klea" (611), and it is very carefully modelled, but the attitude of the figure is not very graceful, and the handling is too unsubstantial for work on so large a scale. Mr. E. Bale's Roman peasant girl listening to the "Ave Maria" (219) by twilight has beauty of a robust and healthy kind. This and a very truthful landscape study, "Spring" (504), by the same artist have fine qualities of colour, and are painted with almost as much skill as his more familiar water-colour pictures. Mr. R. W. Macbeth is seen to great advantage in a picture of considerable size, "Dog Days" (329). The two ladies, who are lunching under the shadow of a widely spreading tree, are natural in their gestures, and have an air of cultivated grace and refinement, while the expectant dogs, including a vivacious black poodle and a collie, beside them are depicted in a way that shows a keen perception of canine character. The varying modulations of colour in the foreground and the bright sunshine beyond are truthfully rendered, the right relation of each part to the rest being carefully observed. A very able picture, "The Window Seat" (508), by a young American painter, Mr. F. D. Millet, whose name we have not met with before, though by its executive method it recalls the work of Mr. Macbeth, is distinguished by freshness and originality of treatment. The figure of the young lady is skilfully introduced, but the picture is chiefly remarkable for its luminous quality of tone, and excellent keeping as a whole. A much better known American artist, Mr. F. A. Bridgman, has a brilliantly sunny and vigorously

painted little picture of Orientals "Waiting for the Caravan at Biskra" (226), resembling the work of Pasini more than that of his master Gréme. Mr. Marcus Stone sends a head of refined beauty, seen in profile, "Silvia," painted in his usual suave and finished style; and Mr. H. Woods a dexterously painted little picture of "The Steps of the Rialto," animated by numerous figures, full of movement and strikingly true in local colour.

The gardens at Versailles have furnished Mr. J. J. Fulleylove with subjects for three excellent pictures, including one of large size representing the fountain of "Antinous" (334). Though not quite so full in tone or so luminous as his water-colour pictures, it is full of picturesque beauty, and painted with solidity and strength. A large picture, "St. Peter's from Monte Mario" (742), by Mr. J. Mac Whirter, shows, together with facile executive skill, signs of haste and carelessness, the cupola of St. Peter's being strangely out of drawing. The spacious sea-coast picture, "The Riviera" (617), and the view of "The Lake and Town of Lucerne from an Eminence" (200), are much better examples of his work. They are executed in a comparatively sound style, and in each case the particular atmospheric effect is truthfully rendered. Mr. F. Walton has a large landscape, "April Here and Summer's Coming" (359), remarkable for its sober harmony of tone as well as the admirable draughtsmanship of the leafless trees, and some smaller works of scarcely less merit. Mr. J. Orrock, whom we have hitherto known only as a water-colour painter, sends a large picture, "The Ferry, Normanton-on-Soar" (220), painted with competent skill, and, like all his works, true to nature and simple in effect. Mr. Thomas Collier also displays an unexpected skill in oil painting. His view, "On the Borders of the New Forest" (440), vividly conveys the sense of light and movement, and is handled with ease and mastery. By Mr. J. Parker, of the Royal Water Colour Society, there is a small picture of "The Curfew Tower, Windsor" (233), harmonious in tone, and full of delicately-wrought detail; and, by Mr. Thorne Waite, a large landscape, "The Road to Chichester, Sussex" (417), vigorously painted, and strikingly suggestive of atmosphere and space.

Illustrated Catalogues of picture galleries have only been a few years in vogue. At first they aimed at being little more than rough outlines, suggesting rather than reproducing the painters' works. Gradually they have become more and more elaborate, and the Catalogue of the present Exhibition at the Institute is perhaps the best specimen of the kind yet published. Artists will, in future, have to take considerable pains with their sketches if they desire to keep up to the high standard now established.



THE TURF.—There are only two or three items of Turf news worth recording. The famous Eclipse Stakes, organised by the Sandown Park authorities, to be run for in 1886, with 10,000*l.* as the prize, did not secure the 300 entries required, but the 270 have been accepted. Thus the project may be called a success, and owners by making an entry for an animal at a slight expense at once practically get very long odds laid him. In fact the stake assumes the form of "co-operative bookmaking."—It is stated that the Dowager Duchess of Montrose's horses will run in the assumed name of "Mr. Manton," and be managed by that chief of managers, Captain Machell.—Report has it that Sir John Astley has sold Heath Villa, at Newmarket, to Charles Wood, the jockey.—The American Foxhall, the dual winner of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgehire in 1881, has gone to the late Sir Joseph Hawley's place at Leybourne Grange, to commence in due time his duties as a Lord of the Harem.—There has been a little wagering on future events, 6 to 5 having been laid on Superba, Harvester, Talisman, and Royal Fern coupled for the Two Thousand, and 5 to 1 against Harvester and the Adelaide filly coupled for the Derby.

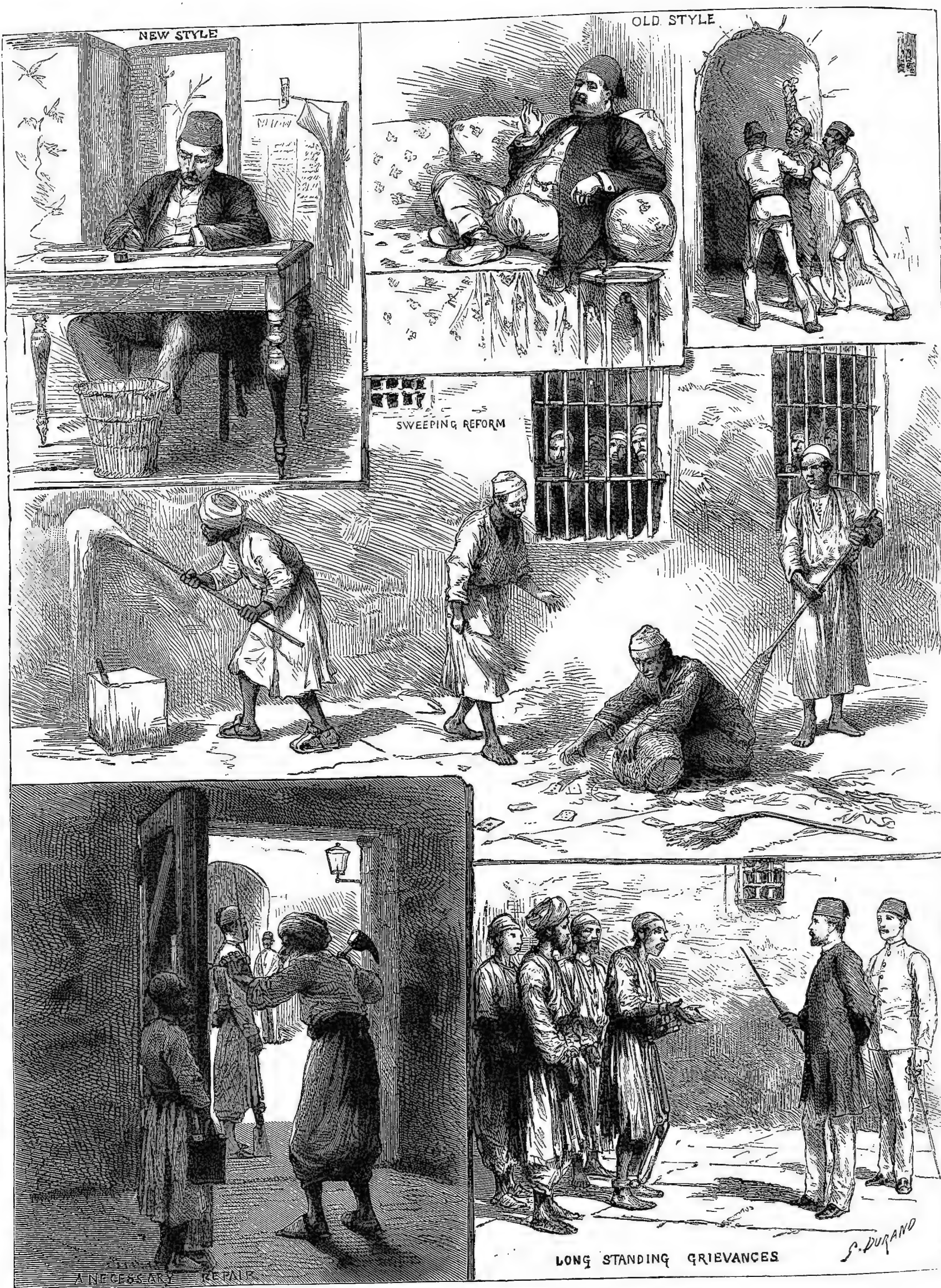
FOOTBALL.—The Oxford and Cambridge Teams, both of Association and Rugby players, have been pretty busy both before and since the winding up of the term. A match of great importance was the Rugby one between Cambridge and Manchester at Whalley Range, which the Light Blues won by two goals to nothing; but they have met with a defeat at Wakefield at the hands of the Wakefield Trinity, which has thus reversed the recent verdict given against it at Cambridge. The Cambridge Association Team, on its vacation tour, has met and defeated the Blackburn Rovers, at Blackburn, by three goals to two; and at Kennington Oval has played a drawn game with Middlesex.—Among the games which Oxford has recently played, the most important has been the Rugby contest against Manchester, won, after a very fast game, by the Dark Blues.—Association-wise, a tough game has been fought between Sheffield Club and Notts County, which ended in a draw.—The great annual Rugby contest between North and South has this year been played at Manchester, and won by the South, which thus scores five against three of the North in the series which has been played.—The Association game at the Oval between London and Glasgow was won by London by three goals to two.

LACROSSE.—The Clapton Second Team keeps hard at work, and has recently beaten the Second of London and the First of Hampstead.

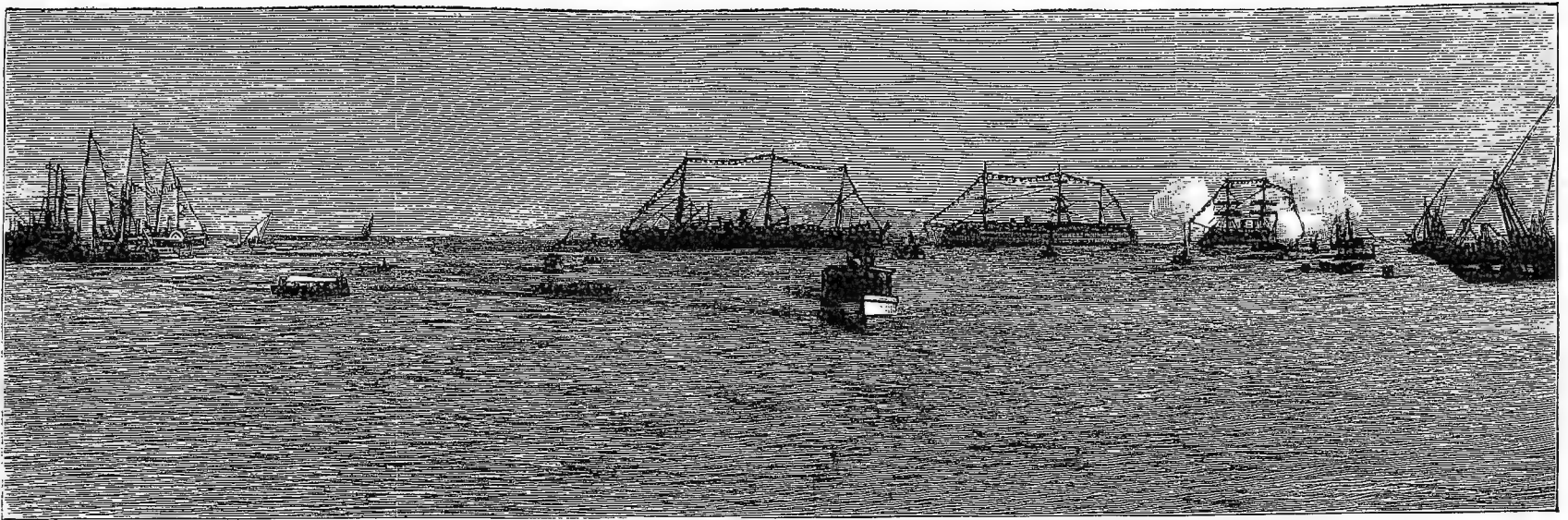
BICYCLING.—All records of long journeys on two or three wheels are to be distanced by a young Englishman, who has announced his intention of bicycling round the world, or at least as much of it as can be done on *terra firma*. He will start from San Francisco in the spring, and his route will be through Chicago to New York for Liverpool. From the latter place he will make for Dover, and on arriving in France his line will be through Europe to Asiatic Turkey and China to Shanghai, whence he will sail for San Francisco. He hopes to make his tour within a period of twelve months. His chief difficulties will probably be in Asia.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Great interest continues to be taken in what we may term Weston's "temperance" walk of 5,000 miles at the rate of 50 miles per *diem*. He is tramping along in all directions, carefully watched to see that he completes his daily portion, and his evening lectures in large towns, under the auspices of the Church of England Temperance Society, draw good audiences. No exception can be taken to this practical way of advertising the virtues of temperance and abstinence from alcohol. Many of our best sportsmen, who undergo great fatigue in the saddle or on foot, are total abstainers; and though a drink of beer or "fizz," with a dash of spirits, is "grateful, comforting, and refreshing" on a long walk, it is well known that a long day can best be got through with the aid of cold tea or a squeeze of lemon. Talking of pedestrianism, we are reminded that the fourth contest for the Astley Belt will commence on Monday next at the Drill Hall, Sheffield. It is a six days' go-as-you-please business, and the wretched contestants will be at their dreary work on Christmas Day. We pity the poor peds and their enforced refrainment from Christmas cheer, even when temporarily off the track. It is downright cruelty to animals; but what has Christmas Day to do with gate-money? Surely Sir John Astley, the "boss" of this whole business, must have forgotten that the next is Christmas week.

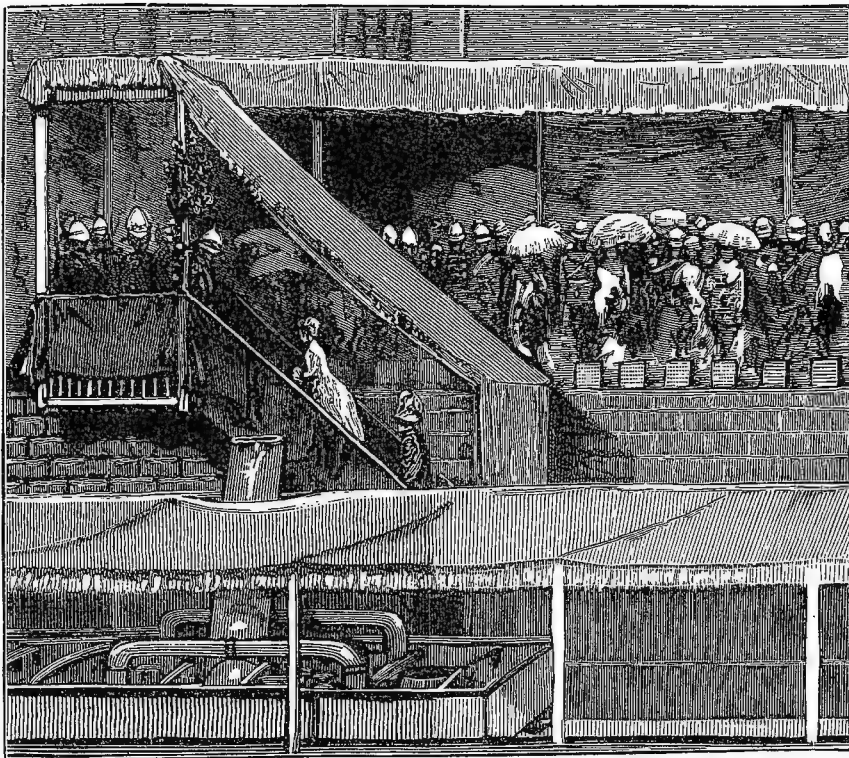
SWIMMING.—Two of the three matches between Beckwith and Finney have come off at the Aquarium, and Beckwith has won the One and Two Miles, showing the very best of form, and eclipsing



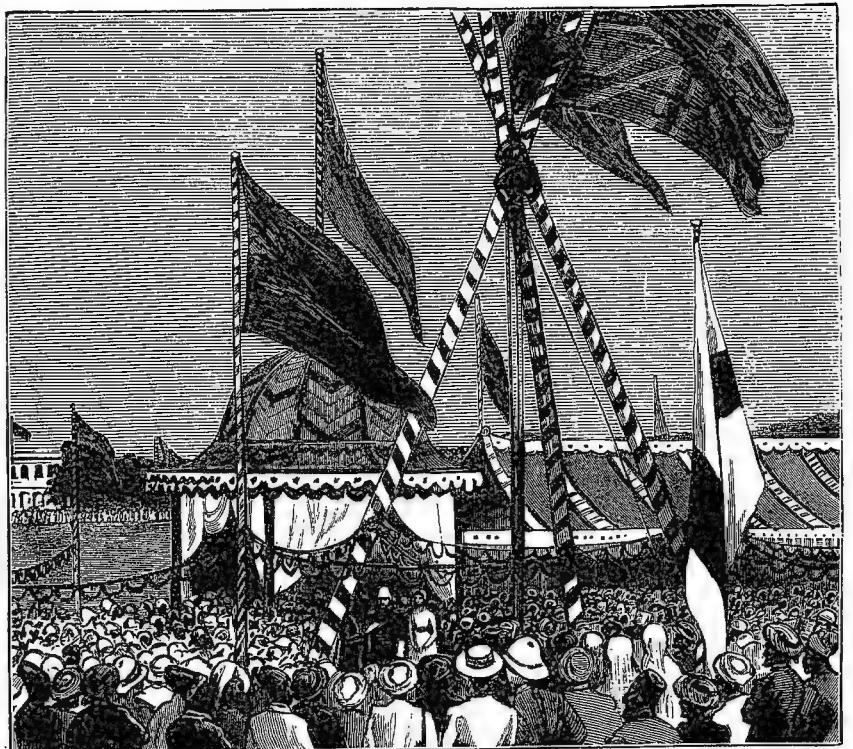
SCENES FROM THE EGYPTIAN PRISONS, II.
FROM SKETCHES BY A BRITISH OFFICER IN CAIRO



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS GOING FROM THE "CATHAY" TO THE LANDING PLACE IN THE STEAM LAUNCH "BEE"



THE ROYAL PARTY LANDING AT THE SHAMIANA



LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE CAMA OBSTETRIC HOSPITAL

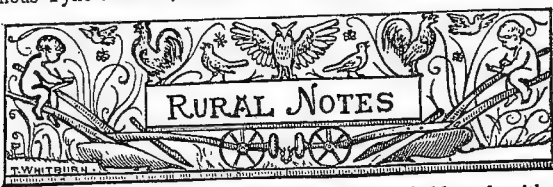


THE FAIR ON THE ESPLANADE

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT BOMBAY

all previous performances. It is a great drawback, however, to swim races like these in tanks, as the turns upset all estimates of a man's actual powers for a straightaway contest. The Five Mile race between the same professionals takes place on Saturday evening at the same tryst.

AQUATICS.—Though Perkins and Brightwell are only reckoned as second-class men, the recent match between them has some interest, as Perkins, who won, showed such greatly improved form that something more than a belief has been established that he is one of the few "coming men" likely to raise professional sculling to the position it held some years ago.—Edward Winship, an erst famous Tyne oarsman, has died in his fifty-first year.



CANTERBURY CATTLE SHOW has just been held, and, with the Duke of Edinburgh presiding at the Exhibition, a large and distinguished attendance was secured. The Prince of Wales was an exhibitor, and took first prize for shorthorn cows, Mr. Charles Collard being second. Lord Hothfield, Sir Walter James, and Mr. R. Neame were the principal winners in the Sussex classes. The Prince of Wales took the first prize for sheep, but was run close by the Marquis Conyngham, whose pens were greatly admired.

SPARROWS will be wise to leave Warwickshire for the adjacent counties, for the Warwickshire farmers, at a recent meeting, resolved to establish a sparrow club, to which the subscription is five shillings per hundred acres, the money to be expended in a reward for the heads, which are to be brought in to a secretary, who presumably will be responsible for their prompt destruction. He could hardly be expected to recognise them if brought up to him a second time. We once knew an old gentleman who offered a reward for snails, and he went on paying away his pence freely enough until it came to his ears, what was in truth a fact, that several of his poorer neighbours had taken to regularly breeding the slimy depredators of the vegetable garden.

HAMPSHIRE SHEEP have recently been introduced into the Northumbrian pastures. Twenty ewes and one ram constitute the contingent which is to change the Northern breeds, or, at least, compete with them in favour on their own hills. We shall watch the experiment with a good deal of interest, but rather fear that the loss of the genial climate of Southern England will cause the Hampshires to dwindle and fail to thrive.

RABBITS, the cause of all these complaints, seem to be diminishing before an enemy more powerful than the marten or the stoat. The agricultural depression has largely contributed to the determination of proprietors to get rid of ground game. The Hares and Rabbits Act, the one great legislative achievement of Sir William Harcourt, has done a good deal also, for where landlord and tenant have concurrent rights there will often be a kind of race as to who shall first and most fully exercise the privilege in question. A bad time seems in store for our poor little furry friends, though after the last rabbit has been entombed in a pie, the wood-pigeon will still be left to trouble the agriculturists and foresters. The taste of wood-pigeons for the young and tender leaf-shoots of the fir is highly developed, and is backed by an astonishing appetite.

"HOGS."—That delightful advocate for the friendless among the animal world, Mr. Phil Robinson, has made a curious slip in a recent work. We should have passed it by, loving the pleasant writing too well to gird at little things; only as it so happens Mr. Robinson has lately been taking upon himself to demolish the poets, and poetic justice has overtaken him—even the stern critic himself. We have been told that turtle doves fight terribly, that birds do not agree in their little nests, and that neither is a wolf always "hungry," or a hyena "laughing," or a cat "harmless." And so the poets must go. But when Mr. Robinson takes up his particular business of whitewashing the maligned of the brute creation what does he do but quote in favour of the pig Burns's lines:—

What will I do, gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my life, my hoggie!

Our readers will hardly need reminding that a Scotch "hogg" is a young sheep. Sometimes the poets are the best observers after all.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A most ingenious instrument for measuring the height of trees has been invented by Mr. Kay, of Rothsay. It is too abstruse in its mechanism to be here described, but it will suffice to say that it saves a vast amount of trouble, and does not require a year's practice in order to work it.—Smithfield Show was

successful as regards the attendance, which was a hundred and ten thousand. This total has been exceeded, but not often.—The Watford Show just held has been highly successful; but at Ashford, in Kent, a smaller number of entries than usual had to be recorded.—Foot-and-mouth disease continues terribly prevalent, and there have been bad outbreaks afresh in East Kent. Since the beginning of the year over four hundred thousand animals have been affected.—Some early lambs have been dropped upon the Welsh mountains.—The recent Essex Show at Colchester yielded 105½ nett profit.—The accounts of this Show might be studied with advantage by the Secretaries of certain Agricultural Societies in Northern and Western England, as well as in East Anglia.



THE RUMOUR IS AGAIN REVIVED that, on the ground of ill-health, Lord Selborne will soon vacate the woolsack, and be succeeded by Sir Henry James.

VICE-CHANCELLOR SIR JAMES BACON has taken formal leave of the officials and the Bar of the Court of Bankruptcy, which is to be incorporated with the Queen's Bench Division, and in the Chief Judgeship of which he is to be succeeded by Mr. Justice Cave. Sir James Bacon was raised to the Bench in 1870, and being soon to enter his eighty-sixth year he is the eldest of our judges. The death of Sir Charles Hall made him also the last of the Vice-Chancellors.

A SINGULAR DIVERGENCE OF JUDICIAL OPINION with practical unanimity of result was exhibited in the judgment delivered on the application made by the defendant for a new trial in the cause *Chibbre v. Belt versus Lawes*. Mr. Justice Manisty approved of Mr. Justice Huddleston's summing up and of the verdict of the jury. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge disapproved of both, and was ready to grant a new trial. Mr. Justice Denman considered the damages excessive, because the plaintiff's case had broken down on two points. But all three agreed that if Mr. Belt consented to have the damages awarded him reduced from 5,000l. to 500l. a new trial could be averted.

THERE HAS BEEN AN INTERESTING VICTORY OF ZOOPHILISM in the Queen's Bench Division. The Secretary to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals charged a birdcatcher with cruel treatment of some linnets in using them as decoys. The cruelty was manifest, but the Bucks magistrates who adjudicated on the case dismissed the charge on the ground that the linnets were not "domestic animals" within the meaning of the Act. It was proved, however, that the bird-catcher trained his linnets at home in the same cruel way as that in which he used them as decoys abroad. Mr. Justice Huddleston and Mr. Justice Stephen, therefore, held that they were domestic animals, and remitted the case back to the magistrates to be tried in due form.

A CONFLICT OF JURISDICTIONS, English and Scotch, has placed in an awkward position the trustees of the late John Orr-Ewing, a wealthy Glasgow merchant. The bulk of his personality was in Scotland, and only a small portion of it in England. In a recent suit the House of Lords decided that the whole estate should be administered by the English Courts of Law. But in another trial last week in Scotland a Judge of the Court of Session ruled that it should be administered solely in the Scotch Courts, and that no English Court had any jurisdiction over it. The trustees are thus placed between two fires, and whatever they do they expose themselves to penalties on one side of the Tweed or the other.

THE CHARGE OF LIBEL referred to in this column last week as brought by Her Majesty's Vice-Consul at Kertch against the proprietor of an evening paper, has been heard a second time. A letter from Lord Granville to the complainant was read, in which he was advised to return to Kertch, and meet the charges against him, which course, he said, he was ready to adopt if he could obtain the protection of his Government. He was cross-examined with a view to prove the intimacy of his business and other relations with one Francisco, with whom he admitted that he had had many transactions, and whom, he also admitted, he suspected of having instigated the criminal stranding of vessels by Russian Government pilots. The further hearing of the case was adjourned for a week.

JOSEPH POOLE, convicted of the Savile Place murders, was executed in Dublin on Tuesday. No sympathy with him was displayed, as it was suspected that he had either given, or offered to give information to the Government respecting the Fenian Brotherhood, of which he was a member.

ALL THE EFFORTS to procure a respite having failed, O'Donnell was executed on Monday morning for the murder of Carey, the informer. He met his fate in silence and with composure, neither denying nor confessing his guilt.

CHELSEA BAY

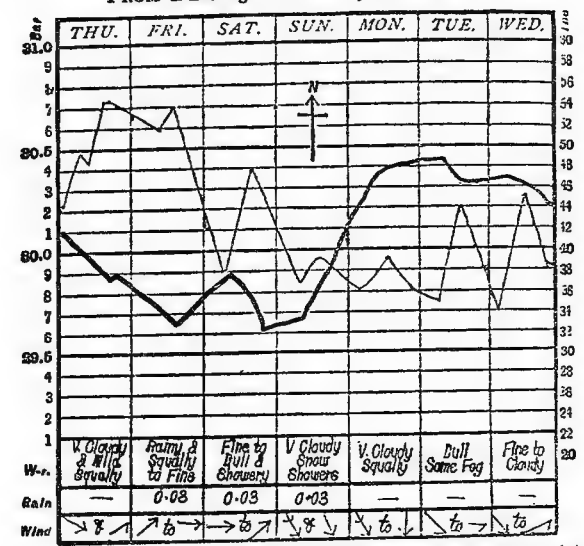
"They want to 'improve' away our bit of foreshore."—H. K. J.

In Chelsea Bay the Thames is wide,
In Chelsea Bay 'tis clear;
In Chelsea Bay the Thames in pride
Comes to our houses near.
It curves and sweeps, it curls and leaps,
It flows twice every day;
It shines and sleeps, it ebbs and creeps
In Chelsea, Chelsea Bay.
In Chelsea Bay the tide is strong,
And there, to mark each change,
The steamtugs' song pipes shrill and long,
As up or down they range.
The skies are wide above the tide—
That is the world's highway—
And morn or eve are never tame
In Chelsea, Chelsea Bay.
Let London keep the lines that sweep,
With curves that Nature gave;
Nor bank the course, nor curb the force,
Of our great river's wave.
Let Kentish barge upon its marge
Still pass or rest each day;
For Turner's sake no changes make
In Chelsea, Chelsea Bay!

December 13.

CHEYNE WALK

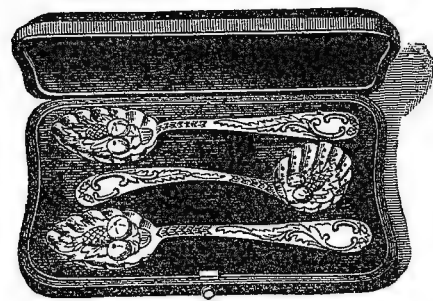
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
FROM DEC. 13 TO DEC. 19 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been mostly rough and unsettled, and while strong westerly winds were felt at first, northerly ones increasing at times to a gale, prevailed afterwards. During the first three days of the week the weather was influenced by the passage across our most northern coasts of a depression from the Atlantic, and subsequent retirement eastwards. Strong squally winds blew from the west and south-west, and while temperature ruled decidedly high for the time of year, the sky remained for the greater part of the time cloudy, and showers occurred. In the course of Sunday (15th inst.) a depression moved across England from the north of Ireland in an easterly direction, and the wind, veering to the north, became very cold, with snow. Monday (17th inst.) found this disturbance well to the eastward of our islands, and the general increase of pressure occurred, while the wind still remained in the north, and blew gustily. The barometer continued high over England during Tuesday and Wednesday (18th and 19th inst.), and although the wind still blew from the northward, its force became less, and a slight clearance in the sky took place. The barometer was highest (30.44 inches) on Tuesday (18th inst.); lowest (29.61 inches) on Saturday (15th inst.); range, 0.83 inch. Temperature was highest (55°) on Thursday (17th inst.); lowest (34°) on Wednesday (19th inst.); range, 21°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.09 inch.

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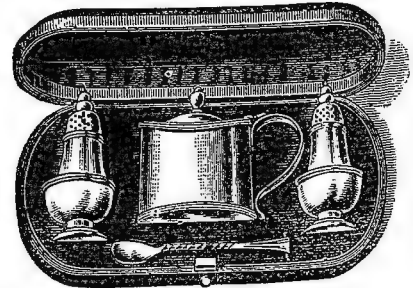
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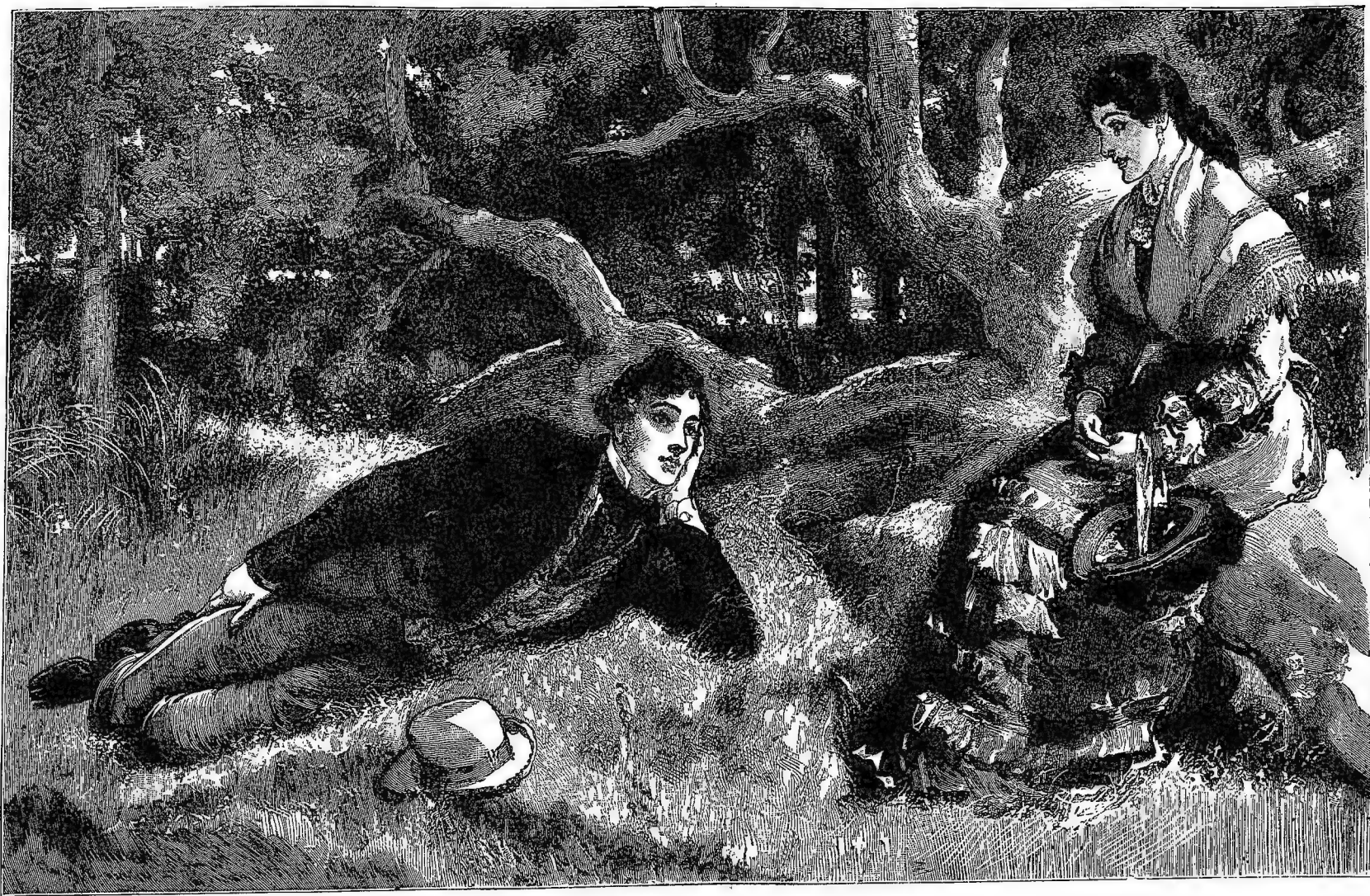
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DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

I was lying on the ground at her feet, and looking up into her beautiful face.

THIRLBY HALL

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," &C.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MY UNCLE WISHES ME GOOD LUCK

ALL my life I have been, in a humble sort of way, an observer of human character, and have taken such opportunities as have come to me of noticing its various developments under various conditions; but I have never been carried far enough by love of this kind of study to enjoy the spectacle of misery or disgrace. When, therefore, I woke up on the morning that was to witness the expulsion of Harry and Paulina from Thirlby, I became seized with a longing to run away so irresistibly that I stole down the backstairs, requisitioned some bread-and-cheese which I found in the kitchen, and was half-way across the Park, with my rod and fishing-basket, before I had time to reason with myself as to the propriety of such a line of conduct.

I had not proceeded far in the course of my flight when I encountered Bunce, who expressed great surprise at seeing me about so early, but who appeared satisfied with my allegation that I wanted to catch a pike as big as the Rector's. He was easily persuaded to get the boat ready, to lay in a modest stock of provisions, and to accompany me to the utmost extremity of the Broad, where, if I didn't catch anything, I should at least, I thought, be safe from being myself caught.

"This seems quite like old times, doesn't it, Bunce?" I said, as he shook out the sail, while I took the tiller. And he replied, "It do sir—it do. The times is gettin' a deal too noo for me. I don't hold with noo times—no, nor with noo people neither!"

I spent what, under any other circumstances, would have been a very pleasant morning, and did not make for home again until after two o'clock, thus avoiding luncheon, as well as the distressing scene which I felt sure must have preceded that meal. As I was crossing the Park, the General, walking briskly and swinging his stick, overtook me.

"Well, Charley," said he, somewhat anxiously, "is it all over? Our friends off and away, eh?"

"That is the very question," I answered, "that I was going to put to you. I haven't seen a soul, except Bunce, to-day. The truth is that I funk it, and bolted before breakfast."

"There are two of us, then," observed the General, laughing. "While I was dressing I thought to myself that my presence wouldn't be required, and I didn't much want to see that unfortunate chap say good-bye to his son, you know; so I just walked over to have a chat with Dennison, and I've been at the Rectory ever since. I think it was rather shabby of you to slink away like that, though, Charley; I expected to hear from you how it all went off."

"And I expected to hear the same thing from you," retorted I; "so it's even."

I suppose we were both rather ashamed of ourselves; for we continued to exchange reproaches until we reached the house, where Mrs. Farquhar gave us a tearful and confused account of what had occurred. It seemed that Harry had behaved very well, but that Paulina, whose wrath of the previous evening had completely

evaporated, had made a dreadful disturbance, accusing herself of having ruined her husband, offering to go away without him, and displaying a lamentable want of reticence before the servants. It had been thought better not to let Jimmy know that he would see his parents no more, and he had submitted to the parting with the utmost philosophy.

"It's an awful responsibility to have taken," concluded Mrs. Farquhar, sobbing, "and I can but pray that Bernard may not be called upon to give an account of it at the Last Day. I wash my hands of it—I've done my best; but eh; he's a headstrong man!"

There was some comfort in hearing Mrs. Farquhar make an accusation which she assuredly would not have phrased in that way a few days before. Her manner, even more than her words, showed she had at last discovered my uncle to be a somewhat different person from what she had hitherto imagined, and there seemed ground for hope that she might entertain a salutary awe of him for the future. I left her appealing to the General to say whether events like these were not calculated to bring her grey hairs down with sorrow to the grave, and betook myself to the study, which my uncle's voice, in answer to my knock, at once bade me enter.

His face lighted up when he saw me. "Ah, Charley," he said, "I have been waiting a long time for you. Come and sit down here; I owe you an explanation."

I took a chair beside him, as he asked me, but assured him that he owed me nothing.

"Yet," he said, with a smile, "I don't think you would be satisfied if I kept silence."

"Not if you kept silence about it all," I confessed; "but I thought you meant that something ought to be said about my not inheriting the property."

"Well; so I do. Something must be said about that, undoubtedly."

"Not very much, then. We agreed upon that point long ago; and I am sure you have done the right thing in adopting Jimmy. Very likely you have done the right thing all through; but I can't help feeling a little uneasy about it, somehow."

"In what sense?"

"Only that one doesn't like to think of a father and child being separated for ever. Upon the face of it, it does seem rather cruel."

"The necessity no doubt is cruel," answered my uncle gravely; "but it does not appear to me that I, as the instrument of necessity, am any more cruel than the surgeon who cuts off a diseased limb. Of course it would have been easier and pleasanter not to perform the operation. I don't forget that, such as Harry is, I am in a great measure responsible for him. If I had only myself to think about, I should have no business to drive him away because he is what he is, or because he has a wife who drinks. But I am not to make fresh mistakes by way of atoning for old ones which can never be repaired now. For the boy's own sake, as well as for the sake of our name and of those who bore it before me, I am bound to do all in my power to bring him up as a gentleman and a man of honour;

and I ask you—Would the example of his father and mother be likely to do him good?"

"Do you think it would really do him so very much harm?" I said; for my uncle's deliberate utterances had by no means convinced me.

"I don't feel the smallest doubt of it," he answered; "you can't touch pitch and escape defilement. Very likely, if I were to allow the boy to go to his parents for a week or two every now and then, they would be upon their good behaviour before him; they would try to avoid scandals and to live decently, or seem to live decently, while he was with them. But one of them, at least, could never change his nature; and I don't see how it would be possible for a growing lad to associate with him and not be the worse for it. Of course," he added, after a pause, "there are hosts of obvious objections to the plan that I have decided upon; but I have come to the conclusion that there could be worse objections to any other plan that could have been devised."

"What do you mean to say to Jimmy himself about it?" I inquired.

"That is a great difficulty, I allow. Happily, children have short memories and are soon consoled. My hope is that he will like his new life well enough to accept it without many questions. As he grows older he will naturally wish for more information, and then he will have to be told the truth."

"Quite so; and then—unless he grows up very unlike other mortals—he will take his father's part."

"I dare say he may. When he is grown up, there will be no objection to his meeting his father; only, as I shall take care that he will be able to do little or nothing for his father, in a pecuniary sense, either before or after my death, I think we may fairly doubt whether his advances will be responded to."

"What an awfully bad opinion you have of Harry!" I exclaimed.

"Have you a good opinion of him?"

"No; but let us give the devil his due. I think he is fond of Jimmy. He has shown it by giving the boy up; because, as you say, he can never get any personal profit out of the arrangement."

My uncle looked troubled, and sighed. "That is true," he answered. "It is a bad business. All I can say is that compromises would only have turned it into a worse one. And although I don't want to evade the responsibility of having suggested the present solution, I may remind you that Harry agreed to it of his own free will. Had he chosen otherwise, I should have been better pleased. We might then have had Jimmy down here as much as possible, and among us, I think, we might have made something of him. Only, in that case, I should not have ventured to run the risk of making him my heir."

This scrupulousness seemed to me a trifle overstrained; but I said nothing; and my uncle went on:—

"I am very sorry, too, for your sake, that matters should have fallen out as they have done. You won't blame me, I know; but it can't be denied that Fortune has used you hardly."

"It's all in the day's work," said I. "Don't you bother yourself about me. I shall be all right."

After this there was a rather long pause, during which my uncle fidgeted with the books and papers that were lying on the table before him. I knew what he was thinking about, and that he was waiting for me to open the subject which was uppermost in both our minds; but I was extremely reluctant to say the first word, and it was only when I saw that he would not speak at all, unless I did, that I began to—

"Was what Paulina said last night true—that Harry wrote to you about me and Lady Constance Milner?"

"Oh, yes," answered my uncle. "He wrote anonymously to begin with, and afterwards he was careful that full reports of your proceedings should reach me through my mother. The whole proceeding was sufficiently silly and contemptible, and I need hardly say that I saw through it from the first. The result of it, however," he added, smiling, "is that I could give a tolerably accurate account of your relations with this lady from the time that George Warren first wrote to me about her up to a recent date."

"Why have you never said anything to me?" I asked.

"I thought perhaps you would say something to me," answered my uncle.

I confessed that I had been ashamed to speak. I said, "I knew what you must think of me. I told you, before I went abroad, that I should never change, and then, almost immediately, I did change. One doesn't like to acknowledge oneself a weather-cock."

"I fancy that most men would have to make that acknowledgment, if we lived in a Palace of Truth," observed my uncle. "If there had been an engagement between you and Miss Maud, the case would have been altogether different; but as there was none, I don't see that you have any very serious sin to reproach yourself with. What I should like to know, if you don't object to telling me, is whether you have chosen finally now."

"I am not sure," I answered, emboldened into saying aloud what I had hitherto hardly ventured to say to myself. "When I am away from her, I sometimes think that it has been all a mistake; but as soon as I see her again I feel as if I had no will of my own, and must do whatever she tells me. It seems like awful bosh, I know," I continued shamefacedly; "but I can't help thinking that she has some way of mesmerising me."

"That sounds very uncomfortable," remarked my uncle. "Do you suppose that she has any affection for you, or is she only amusing herself with these mesmeric performances?"

I replied that I hadn't the slightest idea. I did not believe that she was merely amusing herself; but, on the other hand, I could not say that I had any reason to suspect her of being in love with me. "However, it all signifies very little now," I concluded; "because she will certainly decline to marry me when she hears that I am not to have Thirby."

"H'm!—if you are quite sure of that, Charley, I should strongly recommend you not to see her again," said my uncle. "From what you tell me, I doubt whether either of you will be broken-hearted."

I explained that this course, however advisable in the abstract, could not be adopted by me, as I had already promised to meet Lady Constance shortly in Yorkshire. "It will be our last meeting, most likely," I added sadly.

Then my uncle gave me a good deal of kind and wise counsel, which it is needless to record here. "I can't pretend that I wish to see you married to this lady," he wound up by saying; "I think you are too young, and it does not appear to me that she is very well suited to be a poor man's wife. Nevertheless, if she consents to take you, in spite of your fallen fortunes, I will welcome her gladly, and do what I can to make Thirby pleasant to her, so long as she cares to use the house as her home. We have plenty of space, you know, and, with the help of the upholsterers, I think we might arrange a set of rooms that would be habitable—at any rate, for a time."

I thanked him; but I could not help thinking that Lady Constance would be scarcely more in her element at Thirby than Paulina had been. It was, at all events, as certain as anything could be that she would never come among us as my wife. I was convinced of that; and I said so.

"Then why go to Yorkshire to meet her?" my uncle asked.

"Well—I promised, you see," answered I. "And besides—"

"I understand," said he, smiling; "and I wish you good luck."

But what my uncle meant by good luck he left as discreetly undefined as the question of which was Pretender and which King in the old toast.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

I MAKE A DISCOVERY

WHEN I left my uncle's study it was already past four o'clock, and I had not forgotten my appointment to meet Maud at five. I strolled down towards the place agreed upon, wondering what my uncle would think if he knew whither I was bound, and wondering still more what Maud would say to me. She would, of course, have heard the news from the General, and perhaps she might not now think it necessary to meet me at all. As a foreboding of this possibility crossed my mind I became aware that I should be very much disappointed if it were fulfilled.

It was one of those dull, soft afternoons which herald the approach of autumn. A thin, unbroken layer of cloud obscured the sun; there was not a breath of wind to stir the leaves of the elms in the Park, and, as I drew near the Broad, I saw the great sheet of water lying before me, grey and glassy, with only here and there a circle appearing upon its surface when a fish rose. The tall reeds and osiers upon the margin were motionless and silent. Such very still weather is always a little mournful, and just now it seemed to me that the familiar landscape wore an air of soft regret. I made instinctively for the spot where Maud and I had parted two years before, and which I had never revisited until now. Everything was startlingly unchanged. There was the old punt, rotting away slowly in its old position; the osiers had not been thinned nor the reeds meddled with; I could even hear the ducks hard by in the decoy which Bunce and I had constructed together so long ago. And while I stood gazing at the far-away opposite shore, and thinking that I would give ten years of my life to obliterate the last two and start afresh, I heard a rustle behind me, and, turning round, saw the figure that had been wanting to render the resurrection of the dead past complete.

Maud had not mentioned any particular part of the water-side as being the scene of her evening walks, and this was a spot somewhat difficult to reach at times; yet I had felt sure that it was here that we should meet; and now she was standing at my elbow, looking at me with grave, sorrowful eyes.

I couldn't help it—I knew it was wrong—but, as I held her hand, I murmured, "Do you remember?"

She nodded. "Have you been here since?" she asked.

"Never. And you?"

"No; this is the first time. How unaltered it all is!"

"Yes," said I sadly; "nothing is changed, except—"

"Except everything," she interrupted hastily. "Suppose we go somewhere else."

She turned as she spoke, and, brushing through the reeds and undergrowth, made her way into the thick of the woods, I following her. After a time we came to the fallen trunk of a tree upon which she seated herself, remarking,—

"So it is all over and settled! I had prepared a great many very sensible things to say to you; but they will have to remain

unsaid. There is nothing to be done now but to make the best of it."

"You don't look pleased," I observed.

"As far as I can make out, nobody is pleased," she returned. "General Le Marchant is not; he says his brother is not; Mrs. Farquhar, it appears, is in the depths of woe; and as for your cousin and his wife, one can imagine what their feelings are likely to be. Really I don't know who is pleased—unless you have the perversity to tell me that you are."

"I am a good deal better pleased than I was yesterday afternoon," said I. "I little thought then that we should have taken a final leave of Harry and Paulina within twenty-four hours. And I believe, upon the whole, I am glad that Jimmy is to take up his abode here. He will be a companion for my uncle, and I dare say he won't miss his father very much. One can't wish that he should."

"His father," observed Maud, "appears to have got his deserts; and now that he has been kicked off into space, one may allow oneself to feel a little sorry for him perhaps. Only I wish he had seen fit to take his child with him. General Le Marchant says they would have been quite comfortably off, and he thinks your uncle was a good deal taken aback when his offer was accepted. However, the thing is done now, and can't be undone."

"I, for one, have no wish to undo it."

"That is nonsense, Charley!" exclaimed Maud, drawing her brows together. "One may bear misfortunes, and put a good face upon them; but I never yet heard of anybody who said he liked them."

I submitted that it was not always so easy to tell what were and what were not misfortunes.

"I can't see much difficulty in the present instance," Maud declared; "and though you won't say that you are disgusted, I haven't the slightest objection to acknowledge that I am. All this haven't time I have watched Mrs. Farquhar busily building up her long time I have watched Mrs. Farquhar busily building up her plot, bit by bit, dropping little doses of calumny here and there, sighing over you as a reprobate, and letting fall mysterious hints about 'poor dear Bernard' and 'poor dear Harry,' and the obstinacy of the one and the wrongs and repentance of the other; and I have consoled myself by thinking that the truth would and I have come out one of these fine days. Now the truth has come out at last, and after all the wrong side wins! One can't blame anybody either, which adds to the bitterness of one's disappointment." She ceased for a moment, and then resumed: "My regrets are chiefly mercenary, and if you don't share them, so much the better. But you told me in London that your engagement to Lady Constance Milner would be broken off if you were disinherited, and surely you will allow that to be a misfortune."

While Maud had been speaking, I had been lying on the ground at her feet, and looking up into her beautiful face, which was half turned away from me. I heard what she said; but I paid little attention to it; for, as I lay there listening to her, I was recalling the regretful expression I had seen in her eyes at the moment of our meeting; I was thinking, as I had often thought before, of George Warren's prophetic words, and I was admitting to myself for the first time that they were true. A pale glimmer of sunshine escaped from the clouds, and penetrated through the thick foliage overhead: it seemed to me like a presage of brighter things. All that had happened in the past two years appeared on a sudden to have had no actual existence. I awoke from my long dream, and knew that in truth I had never ceased to love Maud at all.

From the mingled pleasure and pain of this swift discovery I was roused by the sound of Lady Constance Milner's name, and I said slowly: "I am not engaged to Lady Constance; but if I were, I should think it anything but a misfortune that the engagement would now have to come to an end."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Maud, rather impatiently.

"Exactly what I say," I replied. "I have come to my senses, that's all. One afternoon—it was among the ruins of an old Greek theatre in Sicily—I lost my head, and I thought I had lost my heart too. Ever since then I have been nursing that delusion—it has required a good deal of nursing at times—but at last I am quit of it. I know now that I have never really been in love with Lady Constance."

Maud shifted her position a little, so as to face me. "And pray, when did you find this out?" she asked.

"About five minutes ago, I think," answered I.

She either did not understand me or did not choose to do so. She rose from the log upon which she had been seated, stood for an instant, looking away from me, and then—

"You will think differently after you have seen her again, perhaps," she said. "Shall we walk on? I can't stay out late this evening."

We passed through the trees in single file, neither of us speaking for some little time; but at length Maud stopped, and faced about abruptly.

"I wish you wouldn't talk as you have taken to doing lately," she said. "You are not a bit like what you used to be. You seem anxious to make me believe that you don't care a straw about anything."

"That was not quite the effect that I had intended to produce; but I only answered, 'I don't care very much about having lost Thirby, I confess; and, after what I said just now, you must see that I can't care very much about the consequences of my having lost it either.'"

"You had no business to say what you did just now," she returned.

"But if it was true?"

"It cannot be true," replied Maud, with a touch of anger.

"But it is," I persisted.

"Then," said she drily, "I don't envy you the duty of telling Lady Constance the truth."

"I don't think I shall be called upon to tell her anything beyond the fact of Jimmy's promotion," I said. "That will be quite conclusive."

"And yet," remarked Maud thoughtfully, "she must care a good deal for you, or she would not have thought of marrying you upon the strength of your expectations. What if she were to say that she was willing to take you as you are?"

"She won't."

"But supposing that she did?"

"Well, in such a case," I replied, "I don't think I could draw back. I don't think I could tell her that I found I had made a mistake. No! I should have to go on with it then, and for ever hold my peace."

"Come!" cried Maud, "I am glad to hear you say that. That is the first satisfactory thing that you have said this afternoon. And do you know, I should not be very much surprised if she did consent to marry you, in spite of all your poverty."

"You don't know Lady Constance," I said. "She will never consent to marry a poor man. If she is in one of her softer moods, she will perhaps express some regret; but she will certainly send me about my business. And so, you see," I added, "the misfortune you were speaking of may turn out to be no misfortune, after all."

Maud walked on without replying. As soon as we had emerged from the wood, and I could step up to her side, I asked her why she should wish me to marry a woman whom I did not love.

"I never said that I wished that," she answered; "I was only glad to hear that you recognised some sort of obligation in the matter. If you change about in the way that you say you do, it is no fault of yours, perhaps—I suppose you can't help it. But I

think you ought to understand that everybody is not like that. Now I must say good-bye; for I promised to go and see one or two poor people before dinner."

Had her words a double meaning? If they had, I could well afford to put up with a rebuke which my conscience told me was not undeserved. Her manner was decidedly colder than it had been at the beginning of our interview; but I was not surprised at that; nor was I discouraged. I watched her out of sight, and then walked homewards with a light heart; for I thought to myself, "Come what may, I have at least found my liberty again."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LADY CONSTANCE SPEAKS PLAINLY

WHEN Jimmy came to a realising sense of the fact that his parents had gone away for good, he very naturally grew uneasy, and put many embarrassing questions, which we had to evade as best we could. He was, however, a great deal too sharp to be put off with prevarication, and I imagine that, finding it impossible to get anything definite or satisfactory out of his relations, he turned his attention towards another quarter, and obtained the desired information in the housekeeper's room. One day he abstained suddenly from his inquiries, and was somewhat silent and pensive during breakfast time; but, as I was riding out with him the same afternoon, he startled me by announcing in a casual manner that he intended to live with his father again so soon as he should be grown-up.

"I don't want to go back home now," he added, ingenuously, "because it's so much jollier in the country; and father can't come here, you know, because grandfather and he don't get on. But Mrs. Peters says I can do what I like when I'm twenty-one; and mother won't be able to whop me then."

The remoteness of the date assigned seemed to dispense with all need for argument. Without expressing any opinion as to the wisdom or otherwise of Jimmy's ulterior designs, I took up the safe ground of recommending him to be a good boy in the mean time, and to submit himself to Tomkinson, the curate, who had agreed to undertake his education until such time as he should be far enough advanced to be sent to school. This he said he would do, merely asking me, as a matter of personal appreciation, whether I did not think Mr. Tomkinson an awful muff. I certainly did think so—indeed, I don't see how anybody could possibly have thought anything else—but I represented to Jimmy in reply that it is seldom safe to express judgments upon those set in authority over us; to which proposition he gave a ready assent, his own experience having probably been of a kind to lend confirmation to it.

I should have been glad to imitate Jimmy's promptitude and decision in regulating my own future line of action; but a little reflection convinced me that I was not altogether so free an agent as I had supposed myself in my first moment of exultation. It was all very well to have succeeded in dispelling an illusion; but I could not help perceiving that there were complications about my position which would be less easily shaken off. Although Lady Constance might spare me the pains of initiating a rupture, so far as a marriage between her and me was concerned, it was by no means equally certain that she would at once absolve me from the vows of life-long devotion which I had so repeatedly taken upon myself; and if she did not think fit to do this, an explanation must ensue which I disliked to contemplate. Moreover, I had good reasons for misdoubting myself. She had enslaved me once against my will, and why should she not do the same thing again?

In due course I received a note from Mrs. Fitzpatrick, inviting me to join a shooting party at Wakeworth Castle (which was the name of her husband's place in Yorkshire) on the 14th, and remain until the 16th—a form of invitation which was less common in those days than it has since become, and which impressed me rather disagreeably. It is doubtless a convenience, in some respects, to know when you are expected to go away; but there is a certain lack of the spirit of hospitality about such intimations, and in the present instance it struck me as needlessly emphasising the fact that I had had been asked for a special purpose. Mrs. Fitzpatrick, with whom I had little more than a bowing acquaintance, would certainly not have asked me at all unless she had been requested to do so, and her meaning, put into plain language, seemed to be, "Come and say what you have to say, and then take yourself off as quickly as possible." I didn't like it; but I comforted myself by thinking that the ordeal would, at any rate, be a short one.

I reached my destination on the day appointed only just in time to dress, and when I went downstairs I found myself one of a numerous assemblage. The house, which was a big one, was full, it seemed, and in addition to those who were staying in it, guests from the neighbourhood had been invited to dinner, and were now arriving in large numbers. Among these I presently recognised the familiar form of Mr. Sotheran, who strutted into the room, rubbing his hands complacently, and whose astonishment upon becoming aware of me partook, apparently, of the nature of dismay. Indeed, he allowed himself to be so far startled out of his ordinary composure as to ejaculate, "Hullo!—hullo!"—and stand stock-still, with his mouth open, unable to get out another syllable.

I held out my hand, saying, "How do you do?"—upon which he recovered himself, expressed a polite hope that I was quite well, and passed on. Little as Mr. Sotheran and his designs concerned me now, I derived some enjoyment from the disconcerted face of my whilom rival, and it occurred to me that he could not be quite so sure of himself as he had been some months before, since the mere sight of one whose pretensions he had formerly ridiculed could so greatly perturb him.

Lady Constance was the last to enter the room. She swept in with that ease of movement and air of heartfelt superiority to all about her which caused people to describe her—not untruly—as distinguished-looking. As she progressed down the room she made frequent pauses, and, while she was talking to somebody else, extended her left hand to me, without looking at me. To tell the truth, I was just as well pleased that she did not look at me; for I was feeling guilty and uncomfortable, and I knew that those half-closed eyes of hers were as quick to discern facial symptoms as her brain was to interpret them. She passed on, having vouchsafed me nothing more than that back-handed recognition of my presence, and immediately afterwards dinner was announced.

The lady whom I had the honour of escorting to the dining-room was a sub-acid person of uncertain age, devoid of personal charms, but gifted with conversational powers of a vivacious order. She opened fire upon me at once in the charming style peculiar to spinsters of her class.

"You have come here for the big shoot to-morrow, I suppose; are you a good shot? No?—oh, but you must shoot your very best to-morrow, or Mr. Fitzpatrick won't ask you again. Do you approve of ladies going out with the guns? Not as a rule?—how rude of you! But as an exception, perhaps? I wonder if there are any exceptional ladies here! Lady Constance Milner, for instance—she is a great friend of yours, is she not? Not such a particular friend? Oh, I was told that she was a very particular friend indeed. You met her abroad, of course; most people do meet her abroad;—though I am sure there can't be any truth in the gossip about her owing so much money that she daren't show her face in England."

"Well, considering that she is here at this moment"—I observed.

"Ah, exactly!—that only shows how horridly ill-natured people are; and I don't in the least believe that poor Lord Rossan paid

half her debts at the beginning of the season. Now do tell me, is it a fact that she is going to marry Mr. Sotheran? You don't know? Oh, I am sure you do, only you won't trust me; and that is very disagreeable of you, because I never repeat things. I do hope there is no truth in the report; I think it would be such a pity. Not, of course that Mr. Sotheran isn't an excellent match; and he is a decent sort of man, too, in his way. Still, he is not exactly brilliant, you know, and Lady Constance is so very clever and amusing. I call her quite handsome myself; though I don't think I should wear green, if I were she. But mind you don't tell her that I said that."

"I give you my word of honour that I won't say a single thing to her about you," answered I with fervour; for I thought it was high time to suppress this incarnate libel upon her sex.

The sudden savagery of my onslaught was rewarded with success; for she turned her angular shoulder towards me and attacked her other neighbour, while I profited by this respite to take notice of the distribution of the company. I had half expected to be placed next to Lady Constance; but probably the exigencies of precedence had rendered such an arrangement impossible; and the same cause may have led to the banishment of Mr. Sotheran, who was sitting between two stout ladies, far away from the object of his affections, and was looking rather gloomy over it. The remainder of the faces that came within my ken were unknown to me, and were not in themselves calculated to excite interest. Is there any form of entertainment so utterly depressing as a large dinner-party in a country house? An afternoon dance may run it close perhaps; but then there is always the possibility of retreat from afternoon parties; whereas, when once you are seated at the festive board in the country, all hope of escape before half-past ten at earliest must be abandoned. There are generally too many people; there is always too much to eat; there is very seldom anything to talk about.

However, I am bound to say that my dreadful spinster was not affected by the latter drawback to enjoyment. She fell upon me again presently with unabated energy, and, after directing some of my most withering shafts of sarcasm at her in vain, I resigned myself to the inevitable, and allowed her to damn her friends with faint praise in peace until the glad moment arrived when she was swept away from my side by the ebbing tide of petticoats.

(To be continued.)



II.

Temple Bar gives plenty for the money; Miss Broughton carries on "Belinda"; Wraxall is defended from the sneers of Whigs and Tories—of Macaulay, who "would not believe his unsupported testimony even of what he had seen and heard," of Lord Stanhope, Lord Lansdowne, and Croker, who held a brief to write him down, and of whom a friend said: "He will squabble with the Recording Angel about the dates of his sins." Wraxall alone paints Pitt as he was, a great peace Minister, but a very bad war Minister. There is a trifle too much of Thurlow and his oaths in the article; but the new generation needs to learn what the old has not forgotten.

Good Words has a weak sermon, by Kingsley, on his old, old text, the difference between faith and belief or assent. The illustrations are very unequal; those of Weimar are good; but the sundew leaf (in "Vegetable Villains"—what a title!) is like nothing but a mop-head, and not very like that. "The Paris Ouvrier" has reached its fourth part, and Mr. Heath tells us what he is socially, morally, and religiously. He is a strange mixture of terrible enthusiasm and intense practicality, and unfortunately "practical Christianity," that modern compromise, has no charms for him whatsoever.

All the Year Round keeps three novels going, and all of them good ones. "Jenifer" is especially to be commended. The padding is, as usual, above the average.—There is an analysis of Max O'Rell's "John Bull," under the title, "As Others See Us." "Chronicles of English Counties" is full of instruction; but we demur to Crowland Abbey being dismissed in twenty lines. A place like that should have an article to itself.—"Among the Coffee Palaces" ought to be read by all who care for the success of such well-meant, but often ill-arranged, establishments.

Blackwood brings "The Millionaire" to what young folks will think a very proper ending; but youth is hard and selfish; we prefer "A (Chinese) Matrimonial Fraud," because we like fun, and are too old to relish having our feelings harrowed.—In its political article, "From St. Stephen's to Guildhall," Blackwood is very wild with Mr. Gladstone for refusing to show his hand. But surely the Conservative policy is kept still more in the dark. There is a very weary paper on "Bournemouth."

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "Greenstead Church" is just such a paper as "Sylvanus Urban" of a century back would have delighted in.—Much of the rest is "hashed mutton"—fairly well done; but Mr. Thimelton-Dyer might have remembered the white bird of the Oxenham among his birds by sick-room windows.

Belgravia is feeble. Miss Gordon Cumming and Mr. Phil. Robinson do not give it their best. The wind-up of Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Maid of Athens" is worth reading.—The Rev. M. G. Watkins is comforted, because our future masters, the agricultural labourers, are so Conservative in the matter of amusements.

In *Merry England* Mr. Saintsbury shows that this Conservatism is equally chargeable on the Londoner who doesn't know what to do with his Bank Holiday; only it is a very poor and modern Conservatism, wholly cut off from the picturesque richness of medieval days. He goes in for "The Gospel of Play," as a means of holding society together.—Miss Corkran recommends the adoption of M. Leclaire's plan; and we hope her paper will lead many to read "La Biographie d'un Homme Utile." Among co-operative efforts, she forgets those made by F. D. Maurice and Kingsley in connection with that Christian Socialism which has now again come to the front.

We are glad that *Colburn's United Service Magazine* (No. 661) keeps up its reputation. "Discontent in the Army" hits many blots—the re-naming of our regiments to the ruin of *esprit de corps*, the compulsory retirement of officers in their prime, the grievances of rankers.—The account of a crack American Volunteer regiment, "The 7th Infantry of New York," shows that luxurious appointments may go along with discipline and readiness. "During the war the 7th became literally a regiment of officers."

The *Army and Navy Magazine* contains an elaborate review of the Homburg Manœuvres—"Is India a Conquered Country?" asks Mr. H. G. Keene. "No," he replies, "the country never has been conquered; and if Russia ousted us to-morrow there would be no change of institutions, only a transfer of dominion."

To *Modern Thought* Mr. St. Chad Boscawen contributes an interesting account of the French "finds" at Tel-Lo in Mesopotamia. He strongly urges the carrying on of those explorations which under Mr. Rassam have already yielded so much.—Mr. C. Willis takes our breath away in "Eternity's Dial-Plate Continued."—Dr. Carter Blake, in "The Genesis of Man," assures us that evolution is as dead as phlogiston, and thinks that the man appeared just 4004 years B.C., explaining geological difficulties on old Peyrère's hypothesis of pre-Adamites, among whom he ranks negroes, Australians, and such like.

It would be well if magazines like the *Irish Monthly* were more

read in England. Ill-feeling on both sides is largely due to ignorance of one another. The "O'Connell letters" are valuable; and an interesting "Home Ramble" to Abbey Knock Moy speaks very sensibly about the shameful "unkept, unminded" graveyard (once the nave of the church), and about the dangerous state of the still splendid remains of groined roofing. Would a Home Rule Parliament pass a Lubbock's Monuments Bill for Ireland?

Cassell's *Magazine of Art* does not aim so high, but it is a marvellous shilling's-worth. Miss Pattison's paper on Jean Paul Laurens, "the painter of the dead," is full of interest.—The *English Illustrated Magazine* well maintains its promise. It has a good paper on "Luther," and gives, in "Some Forgotten Etchers," several choice bits of Crome and Constable, Geddes and Wilkie.—*Harper and the Century* are both good, and as usual excellently illustrated. Each casts an eye homeward; and we know not which to praise most, the view of Clovelly in the *Century's* "Fairiest County in England," or Iona and the Sound in *Harper's* "Gossip About the West Highlanders."—Dr. Waldstein of the "Birds" tells us in the *Century* that he has found among the Louvre terra-cotta plaques what he takes to be the original model of Athene in the Parthenon frieze. In *Harper*, "Many a Slip Between the Cup and the Lip" is a delightful novelette, and Mr. Abbey's thirteen illustrations of Pope's "Quiet Life" are simply perfection.

The *Nineteenth Century* opens with four papers on "The Dwellings of the Poor." Miss Octavia Hill has found that private enterprise pays, so the State must not make its work unremunerative.—Lord Shaftesbury also bids us beware of giving eleemosynary house-room, and (from his talk with a stubbornly thoughtless lad in good work) would seem to think that the young folks who can save, and won't save, must be made to save.—Mr. Arnold Forster is sure we want no more legislation, only compression to make the steam act.—"A Working Man" thinks nearly half the ill-housed families might be got into the suburbs, and feels that short leases and consequent high rents are one great cause of congestion. He fears lest by caring for street Arabs we should encourage the neglect of brutal parents; and he finds the Irish difficulty very obstructive in all sanitary measures. His heroic remedy is for a great number of our very poor to "die off out of the way."—How is it that doctors so generally write common-places? Sir J. Paget can say nothing on "Recreation," except advise us to bend the bent stick the other way.—Marquis Tseng's diary is deeply interesting. He believes England is losing the substance of her strength; hates Roman Catholic priests; trusts to "the Heart of Heaven" for solving the opium difficulty; thinks China ought to go back to its old system of State schools, and not leave education to the foreigner, and urges the appointment of a Minister who will see that the Empire is not so shamefully cheated in buying machinery. The example of Egypt makes him anxious that China should keep clear of Western loans. Between Sir G. Duffy who, in "Ungrateful Ireland," analyses Mr. O'Brien's "Fifty Years of Concession to Ireland," and shows conclusively that in regard to education, tithes, municipal reform, and the poor law, the "concessions" came late, and were vitiated by the manner in which they were given, and the *Saturday Review*, which keeps repeating the cry, that "for fifty years and more Ireland has been the spoilt child of Parliament," there is a wholly impassable gulf fixed. We entreat all who care for the truth to study Sir G. Duffy's very temperate paper.

Mr. Goldwin Smith some time ago prophesied that we should have a *mauvais quart d'heure* when the Agnostics, who have been born and bred Christians, have all died off, and the sportsman of the future will take to going out after breakfast to pot a human subject for the nearest dissecting-room. In the *Contemporary* he enlarges on the topic in "Evolutionary Ethics and Christianity," an answer to Mr. L. Stephen's "Science of Ethics;" he is sure that a rule of life can't be constructed by mere inspection of the phenomena of evolution without some conception of the estate and destiny of man. Mr. G. Smith is able to make a strong point of the often-proved adaptiveness of Christianity.—Mr. S. Smith, M.P., finds it easy in "The Nationalisation of the Land" to confute Mr. George; the thing is to disabuse Mr. George's myriad readers. It is a good suggestion that our Government should acquire and hold a quantity of land in Manitoba and elsewhere in trust for future emigrants.—Mr. Seebohm prophesies what the new Reform Bill will do for "proportionate representation"—a very complex matter; and a faint echo of "the Bitter Cry" is heard in two short papers on "The Outcast Poor."



MR. JOHN SAUNDERS has done such excellent work as a novelist of a really high order, that his "A Noble Wife" (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.) is all the greater disappointment. He has no doubt studied his period, and gone to the best authorities for the suggestions and incidents; but he has certainly failed to reproduce the period covered by the public life of Archbishop Cranmer. Probably he has feared the Scylla of repelling readers by too much affecting the colour of the time. But he has thereby fallen upon a more fatal Charybdis—that of making his characters act, write, speak, think even, according to the most pronounced and characteristic mannerisms of the present day. From this point of view, the correspondence between Cranmer and his hidden wife, much more than that between the latter and Lady Oldcastle, is most comically impossible, and any pathos the letters may have contained is simply destroyed by the ludicrous anachronism of their style. The Romanist and the Protestant characters are alike the lay figures who represented the English Reformation in elementary histories before the process of its development was so well understood as at present, and they speak the judgments and opinions of their far-off posterity—never their own. Mr. Saunders is no doubt justified in piecing together the life of Cranmer's wife and imaginary first-born son from such meagre hints as he has been able to gather—such flights of imagination are permissible, though he has certainly carried them too far. But he has no excuse for failing to make them interesting: the one result which justifies historical liberties. On the whole the novel must be described as even more than commonly heavy to read, while leaving the ordinary reader's ideas as to the period dealt with a great deal more crude than they ought to be.

Those who remember that singular psychological romance, "Clifford Gray," will turn, with curiosity at least, to Mr. William Money Hardinge's "Eugenia, an Episode" (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.). We cannot think, however, that any similar curiosity will welcome the same author's third novel, whenever it may appear. The story of "Eugenia" has more than all the unpleasant characteristics of its predecessor without any of its redeeming qualities of imagination and vigour. It is right to give some notion of the plot, so that intending readers may judge for themselves as to the amount of its attraction for them. Eugenia is a woman with the mind and heart of an angel, who falls furiously in love with a coarse and vulgar ruffian. The author throws himself, with anything rather than reticence, into the details of her emotions and sensations, and treats them in such wise as to suggest that her relations and friends ought to have sent her straight to a lunatic asylum, and so have done with her. In short, her passion is rendered as repulsive and as contemptible as its object, and what is gained by the description of what must in charity be ascribed to hysteria is not easy to perceive. Eugenia becomes cured at the

close, so that her previous history is deprived even of a semblance of purpose; and no impression is left beyond a sensation of dreariness beyond description. In fact, the book only deserves notice because it is by the author of "Clifford Gray."

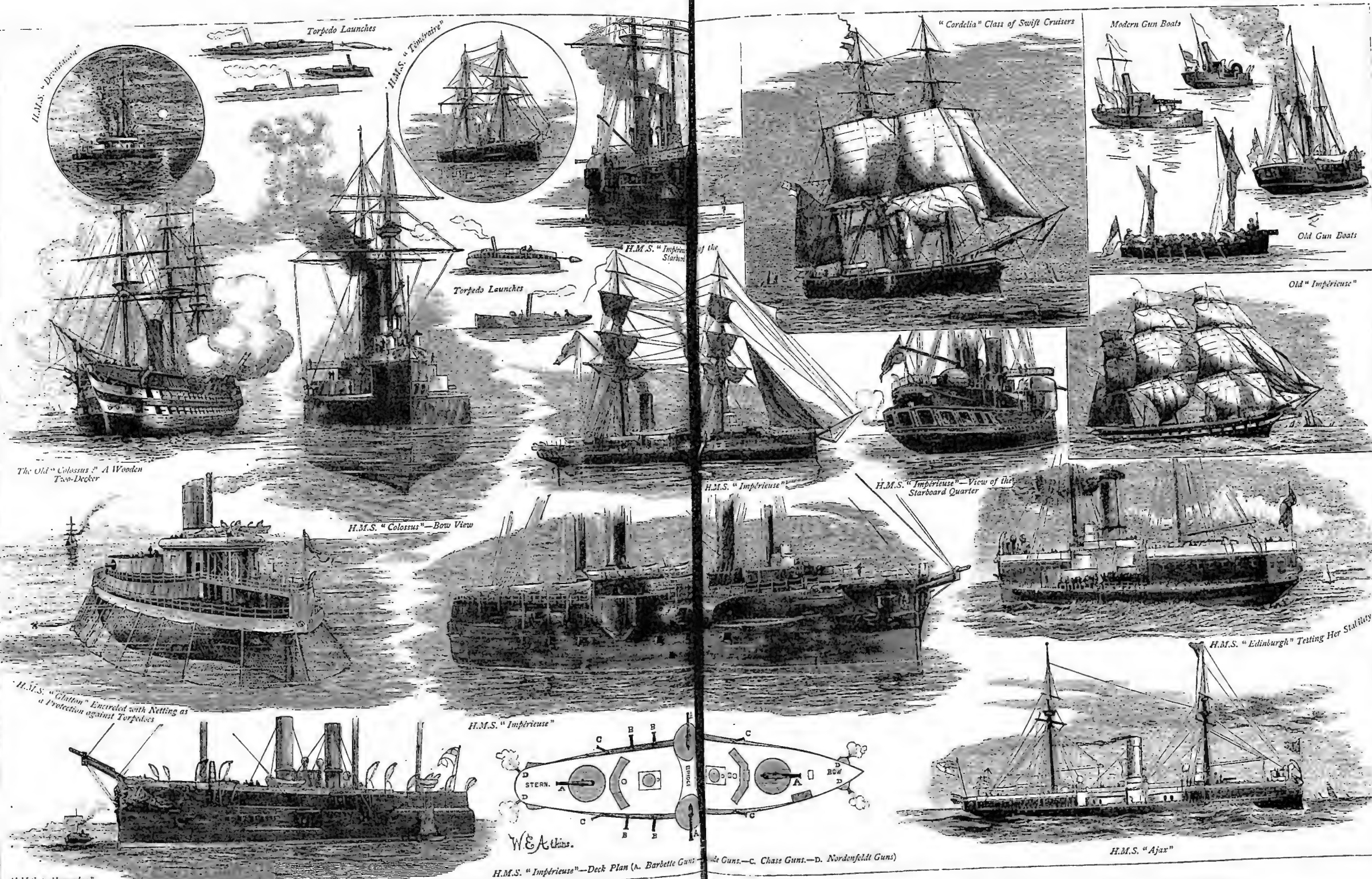
"His Dearest Wish," by Mrs. Hibbert Ware (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), though described on the title-page as "a novel," can scarcely be criticised as if it were really one. It certainly has a thin sort of plot, consisting principally of the disregarded desire of a crack-brained laird, who had been out in the '45, to be hung, drawn, and quartered; his attempts to get himself arrested and tried; and his bitter indignation at the persistent indulgence with which he was let alone. The laird's character is by no means without the pathos which is so closely akin to humour. But, apart from this, and a love-story grudgingly thrown in for the sake of observing the supposed requirements of fiction, the so-called novel is devoted to a picture of society in Edinburgh about the year 1760. Mrs. Ware has made herself mistress of the "anecdote" of the most fascinating of cities at that picturesque and interesting period, and has reproduced them with most inartistic but not the less delightful prodigality. She writes with a sympathy that cannot fail to prove infectious; and not a few middle-aged readers will welcome back into the world of fiction that Jacobite atmosphere which inspired so much of the romance of the last generation. The authoress is in no harmony with the progress of demolition which is more deplorable in Edinburgh than in almost any historic city in the world; but she writes without bitterness—a quality inconsistent, indeed, with her exceedingly genuine and genial humour. Considered as a novel, there is little to be said of "His Dearest Wish" one way or another; considered as a commonplace book of anecdote and character, it is altogether admirable.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS VIII.

ILLUSTRATED books of a high class have been few and far between this season, the young folks having had the best innings, while native artistic talent seems somewhat in the background, several of the chief specimens of art for the elders being due to foreign pencils. Look, for instance, at the contributions of the American school, such as Mr. Ernest Longfellow's thoughtful interpretations of his father's genius in the drawings accompanying "Choice Poems from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow" (Cassell). Occasionally the engravings are a trifle blurred and indistinct, but, taken as a whole, this tasteful volume is a charming gift-book for poetry-lovers, the excerpts being carefully chosen. Pen and pencil are also attractively combined in "Sunlight and Shade," where we recognise many of the prettiest poems and pictures which have previously appeared in some of Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s manifold periodicals. If a few of the figure-subjects were hardly worth reproduction, the scenes from Nature are most gracefully arranged, and the book is just the thing to dip into for an idle five minutes. The pictorial side, too, is the main point of "Myself and My Friends" (Cassell), for it must be confessed that Olive Patch's narrative is only a peg whereon to hang a mass of amusing illustrations, neatly though she has pieced her mosaic. Now, on the other hand, the story is the better part of "All Play" (Shaw), where Ismay Thorn has wedded the adventures of three sweet little pickles to T. Pym's drawings. But T. Pym's pencil wants a rest—it is growing monotonous. Passing from earth to fairyland we meet with some remarkably material elves in Miss E. Gertrude Thomson's coloured prints to Mr. Allingham's verses in "The Fairies" (De la Rue). The artist is far happier in her monochrome drawings on the other pages, both in design and execution. Neither the verses nor the pictures of Mr. S. Theyre Smith's "The Fairy Horn" (same publishers) are worth much remark; and, though less pretentious, there is better stuff in J. Lawson's illustrations to Grimm's familiar "Clever Hans" (De la Rue). The fashionable antique style is still favoured by G. A. Konstam, E. Casella, and N. Casella, who have this year represented Wordsworth's "The Baby's Début" (De la Rue) in quaint and appropriate guise, although the subject is less fertile than in their previous productions.

The cute sayings and doings of Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, Brer Terrapin, and the rest of that droll gallery, whose adventures are stored away in negro brains with Uncle Remus, have passed into a household word among lovers of folk-lore and dry humour. So there is no doubt of the hearty greeting awaiting Mr. J. C. Harris's fresh instalment of these delightful plantation tales, "Nights with Uncle Remus" (Routledge)—all the more welcome from its interesting preface, comparing these legends with those of African and South American nations. Such traditions are only gathered with difficulty, the negroes usually grudging any of their stories to white people; but Mr. Harris has industriously verified the majority of his selection, and has been aided by contributions from amateur collectors. The tales still remain in simple native dress, and, with Mr. Elwes' truly comic engravings, rank amongst the most curious and original books of the winter. It is noticeable, by the bye, how year by year the imaginative style of fiction comes to us from abroad rather than from home. Scarcely half-a-dozen English fairy tales have appeared this Christmas, for Mrs. Stanley Leathes' "Inglenook Stories" (Shaw) gives only a passing glimpse of fays amongst earthly beings. So America sends her legends, and we further get a capital rendering of M. Laboulaye's half-fairy, half-satirical fancies, "Old Wives' Fables" (Routledge), and a poetic German story, "The Will of the Wisps" (Chapman and Hall), well translated from Marie Petersen by Charlotte Hart. British pens prefer such true romances as Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams paints in vivid colours in "Shore and Sea" (Hodder and Stoughton). Here are the gallant feats of ancient Vikings and later sea-captains, the conquests of the hardy Norsemen, the perilous voyages of daring explorers and brave admirals, the cruelties of the bold buccaneers—all gleaned from reliable authorities, and told in terse form.

Religious novelettes are unusually plentiful just now, and the selection brought out by Messrs. Shaw deserve honourable mention as distinctly less controversial, and more natural in style, than their fellows. The illustrations are mostly very poor. Olden times are again utilised by Miss Emily Holt in "Wearyholme" as fitting framework for a skilful picture of the Restoration period, when pious souls were sorely tried by the Act of Uniformity. On this more familiar ground Miss Holt is, perhaps, less fresh and original than when dealing with earlier ages, but she maintains her taking style and sly humour, while also creating two clever characters in the outspoken child and the time-serving divine—a very Vicar of Bray. Her short semi-Scriptural stories, "The Way of the Cross," are peculiar and not so satisfactory. Still the idea of the last sketch is beautiful if highly fanciful. The poetic gives place to the practical and domestic side of religious life in the subsequent quartet of volumes for maidens in their teens. Trials happily overcome by patience form the keynote alike of the bright, bustling record of American girlhood, "Bek's First Corner," by J. M. Conklin, of the sorrowful narrative of parting told by I. S. Ranking in "Marjorie's Probation," and the somewhat stiff and conventional "Nora Clinton," by Emily Brodie, while the softening of a hard nature by a child's love is pleasingly depicted by Mrs. S. Leathes in "The Caged Linnet." Three more books may be classed as effective story-arguments for the value of the Bible. These would do well for Sunday School prizes: "Chick," by M. S. MacRitchie, and "Blind Nettie," by L. Marston, being suited for girls, and "His Mother's Book," by "H. F. E.," for boys. The heroes of "The Emperor's Boys" are taking, natural lads, and Ismay Thorn agreeably recounts their



H.M.S. "IMPÉRIEUSE" AND SOME OF THE NEWEST TYPES OF SHIPS OF THE BRITISH NAVY

faults and exploits, while some widely differing types of boyish character are contrasted by M. E. Winchester in "The Cabin on the Beach" (Seeley)—a tale of good simple tone.

That deservedly popular writer, Miss Florence Montgomery, has written a very charming book for children entitled "The Blue Veil" (London: Richard Bentley and Son). This book may be cordially recommended as a gift book for that large and important class of the community known as "older children." The story is thrilling in its interest, though guiltless of sensationalism, and it has an unexceptionable moral, embodying lessons on curiosity, tolerance, and prejudice. As every one will expect who is acquainted with Miss Montgomery's writings, her characters move in the most select circles, and their thoughts are the thoughts of people who live in castles, but they are very true to nature for all that. We can scarcely speak too highly of the intelligence of the boy hero, for he is no sooner struck down with the mumps than he sends for *The Graphic*.

To amuse the little ones in a quiet way is the wise aim of some of the remaining books before us. If musically inclined here are the simple airs of "Leslie's Songs for Little Folks" (Cassell), with Mr. Millais's drawings, or the easy seasonable ditties of "The Children's Christmas" (Routledge), which Mr. Myles Foster has set to Mr. Spence Watson's words. Or the tiny artist will find yet more outlines to tint in T. Pym's "Dainty Drawings for Little Painters" (Shaw), the directions for colouring being put in story form by C. Shaw. On Sabbath afternoons they will be well occupied in filling up the ingenious sheets of Bible subjects provided by C. Shaw as "Something for Sunday" (Shaw), an excellent mode of combining instruction with amusement. And if neither artists nor musicians the children may study the capital short stories in Messrs. Blackie's cheap series, such as "Fritz's Experiment," by Letitia M'Clintock, &c., or spell out the good old story of "The Swiss Family Robinson" (Routledge), so well adapted in words of one syllable, by M. Godolphin. Here the authoress has followed the same plan as in her "Robinson Crusoe" (Routledge), now published afresh. Among reprints come Mr. de Liefde's excellent historical sketches "The Beggars" and "A Brave Resolve" (Hodder and Stoughton), Mr. S. Hodges' comical fairy tale "Among the Giltjigs" (Remington), Southey's "Life of Nelson," Cook's "Voyages Round the World," and Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" (Bickers). Curiously enough the last-named work specially devotes a preface to the descriptions of certain illustrations, only one of which appears in the book. "Bacon's Essays" (Routledge), have now been added to Morley's Universal Library, with an interesting preface by Professor Morley, and Messrs. Shaw are bringing out various favourite tales, such as Brenda's "Froggy's Little Brother," &c., in a cheap and good "Home Series."

For youngsters of the ticklish ages of three to six, Messrs. Routledge and Nelson vie with each other for first place, and it is difficult to assign the palm. Suffice it to say that any one of the following volumes will effectually satisfy the most voracious of juvenile appetites, and as such may be confidently recommended to intending donors: "Snow Flakes," "Little Bird Red and Little Bird Blue," two volumes of poems, by M. Betham Edwards, illustrated in colour, the former by H. K. Browne, and the latter by T. R. Macquoid; "The Old Farm Gate, for Very Little People," by Mrs. Sale Barker; "The Young Coasters," "Totty's Natural History, in Words of Four Letters," by A. L. Bond; "Two Little Friends; Sunday Talks with Mamma," by Mrs. Sale Barker; "Pantomime; a Picture Show for Young People;" "The Minstrels," a companion volume, these two evidently of American origin; "Elizabeth, or, the Exiles of Siberia," a new edition; (all these by Routledge and Son). "Little Workers: the Farmer, the Gardener, the Florist, the Joiner, the Henwife, the Haymaker, the Dairymaid," &c. (by Nelson and Son).

Among other Christmas books before us are Hans Christian Andersen's "Stories for the Household" (Routledge); "Peter Parley's Annual for 1884" (Ben George); "The Heroes of England, by John G. Edgar (Bickers and Son); "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," by Howard Pyle" (Sampson Low).

Our list of annuals includes *The Leisure Hour* and *The Sunday Magazine* (Religious Tract Society), *Little Folks* (Cassell), *Aunt Judy's Magazine* (Bemrose), *Amateur Work* (Ward, Lock, and Tyler), *Family Herald* (Stevens), *Our Boys and Girls* (Sunday School Union), *Band of Hope Review*, *British Workman*, and *Family Friend* (Partridge), and *Old Jonathan* (Collingridge).



MR. G. W. RUSDEN has soon followed up his exhaustive book on New Zealand with three thick volumes on "The History of Australia" (London: Chapman and Hall; Melbourne and Sydney: Robertson). We cannot do more than earnestly call attention to a work which does for the hundred years of Australian history what Mr. Froude did for the century of Tudor rule. Mr. Rusden gives us the character and doings of every Governor; noting the unmixt evil wrought by such men as Grose and Paterson and Hunter; the efforts of Marsden to put down the liquor traffic; the strange mixture of useful energy and low moral tone shown by men like D'Arcy Wentworth. Every page of his first volume is as interesting as a first-class novel; and yet he is full of detail, giving *pieces justificatives* (quotations from speeches, letters, Orders in Council, &c.) for every statement. The story of the Irish conspiracy at Sydney and in Norfolk Island is well worth reading. Many Irish had been sent out in a most illegal way during and after '98. Governor King could get no information as to the nature of their sentences, which, Lord Hardwicke wrote, "were mostly by courts-martial prior to the time when the proceedings of such courts were sanctioned by law. . . . Many had been shipped by the Commandant of New Geneva Barracks without any trace of the proceedings being anywhere recorded." Yet these men were held in chains. With them were the "Scottish martyrs," of the Edinburgh British Convention. The vigour of Major Johnston stamped out what might, in other hands, have been the nucleus of a Scotch-Irish Republic at the Antipodes. Mr. Rusden gives a very full record of social changes, of the treatment of the natives, of the educational work of Sir R. Bourke, Sir G. Gipps, Mr. Latrobe, &c., of the various exploring expeditions, of the gold discoveries. He has a long account of Norfolk Island, and also a chapter on Fiji, down to the latest facts about the working of Sir Arthur Gordon's system. There is plenty to humiliate us in his volumes. The ill-treatment of convicts on the passage out is beyond belief. The *Atlas* and *Hercules*, carrying Irish convicts, arrived with nearly all in a dead or dying state; on the *Atlas* 63 of 151 males had died. A quantity of merchandise had deprived the convicts of air and means of cleanliness; some were lying dead with heavy irons on; many died on the way from the ship to the hospital. Equally shocking are the facts about drink and consequent debauchery. When the Paramatta factory was founded "120 women are at large in the night, to sleep where they can." At the same date, 1816, there were in the infant factory-town thirteen public-houses. But most horrible of all is the story of the conquest of Tasmania. Mr. Rusden does not give the most revolting incidents, as they are found in the Rev. J. West's book. And so far from these Tasmanians being unimprovable, the chivalry of men like Montpeliana, and the noble

nature of Mr. Bonwick's hero Arthur, "who, had he been standing on the steps of the Piazza di Spagna, would often have been selected as a model for his magnificent head," stand so immeasurably above that of the whites with whom they were brought in contact that the survival of the fittest becomes a *reductio ad absurdum*. The book will be a storehouse for future writers, for before long the history of Australasia will have to be read in our schools and studied by competitive examinees. Meanwhile these volumes must form a part of every public library that cares to be abreast of the times.

Exhaustive we called Mr. Rusden, who gives three big octavos of 650 pp. each, to the hundred years of Australian history; what shall we say of Mr. Gardiner, who devotes ten thick closely-printed duodecimos to the forty years of the "History of England from James I.'s accession to the outbreak of the Civil War" (Vols. IV., V., VI., 1621—1629: Longmans)? Clearly such a history must be complete. Since Macaulay wrote, since Mr. Forster published, since Carlyle took Cromwell for his first hero, much has come to light of which Mr. Gardiner has made good use in this new edition. It is enough to say that for Vol. IV., in which he tells the story of the battle against monopolies in the important Parliament of 1621, he has used not only Elsing's notes, mostly published by the Camden Society, but also the unpublished papers of the House of Lords. He has also filled up from the Belgian archives at Brussels many gaps in the Simancas MSS., and has got from Mr. Digby, of Sherborne Castle, some valuable papers of the first Earl of Bristol. Mr. Digby's conduct is a pattern to archive-holders. Not only did he let Mr. Gardiner see and copy what he pleased, but he allowed him to take the documents to London, and lend them to the Master of the Rolls that copies might be taken for the Record Office. The Melbourne MSS., collected by Sir J. Coke, were also placed at Mr. Gardiner's disposal; while Mr. Cozens's transcripts of the despatches of Inojosa, &c., enable him to state at first hand the relations between Spain and England in 1624. "At first hand" might indeed be Mr. Gardiner's motto. He has his own views; but his chief aim is with conscientious thoroughness to set down all the facts and all the opinions of the time; and it is well that we should have one history which enables us to form a fair judgment if we will only take the pains. Not that Mr. Gardiner fails to give us the help which a good historian can hardly help giving. Thus of Charles I. he says most suggestively: "His own notions were to him so absolutely true that they needed no explanation." We are grateful for touches like this; and also for passages like the description of the Duke of Buckingham's tomb in Westminster Abbey.

Since Professor A. J. Church, then Master of Retford School, published in 1878 his "Stories from Homer," he has given us Stories from Virgil, from the Tragedians, from Livy and Herodotus, and even from Lucian, and has adapted to the more exacting taste of the day that Josephus whom our grandfathers and grandmothers used to find interesting enough. "Roman Life in the Days of Cicero" (Seeley) is a worthy member of this long series. Its illustrations are the same in style as those of the former volumes, and are very well done. We suppose the Dying Gladiator is put in because Caesar made such a lavish gladiatorial display during his sedition. By the way, we wish Mr. Church had given authority for his portraits: his British Chieftain the British Museum calls more vaguely a Barbarian; his Caesar and Cicero are very unlike some of the busts so named; and why, when he gave Porcia, did he not choose one of the several portraits of Cleopatra?

Very different are the illustrations of "Chapbook Chaplets" (London: Field and Tuer; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. New York: Scribner). They are "suitable sculptures," hand-painted as well as curiously engraved by the accomplished Mr. Crawhall, editor of "Newcastle Fishers' Garlands," author of "Border Notes and Mixty Maxty," &c. Mr. Crawhall, hailing from Bewick's town, is naturally an enthusiast as well as an adept in wood-engraving, and his "sculptures" purport to be an exact imitation of the old chapbooks in the days of their glory. The book, perfect of its kind, ought never to stand on any meaner support than a masterpiece of Chippendale.

The Rev. J. W. Bardsley is happy in his congregation. Most persons find that to get sermons read is several degrees harder than to get them listened to. The Surbiton folks are, however, so exceptional that they are anxiously waiting for whole courses of Mr. Bardsley's sermons. These he promises. Like the Monk of Fulda he assures them: "I shall not be slow to furnish more." Meanwhile, as an instalment, he publishes, in "Glimpses Through the Veil" (Nisbet), some natural analogies and Bible types, pointing out the teaching of the Palm-tree, of Aaron's golden bells, of the well dug with staves, &c. Once (and happily once only) Mr. Bardsley closes his "Glimpse" with a Collect of his own composing.

We are not quite clear whether "Fresh Light from the Monuments—By Paths of Bible Knowledge, III." (Religious Tract Society) is actually by Professor Sayce, whose name it bears, or is only a compilation from his writings. We say this because several times, notably in the very interesting account of the inscription discovered in the tunnel leading to the Pool of Siloam, he is spoken of in the third person. Be this as it may, the little book contains a vast amount of information, from the way in which cuneiform inscriptions were deciphered to the latest discovery about the Hittite Empire, the whole history of which was unknown a few years ago. The Moabite Stone the writer of "Fresh Light" accepts as unquestionably authentic; we fancy that some of the discredit thrown on the Shapira MSS. was reflected on it. It is well to be reminded how vast have been the results of Oriental research during the last ten years, and to have the bearing of all this on the Bible record pointed out to us.

Miss Gordon Cumming's "In the Hebrides" (Chatto and Windus) is as delightful as might be expected from the author of "Fire Fountains." The book is first descriptive, taking us from the Mull of Cantire, landing-place of the Dalriad Scots of Erin, round by Staffa and Skye and Uig to Harris and the other outer Hebrides, and on to far St. Kilda. It is, next, full of folklore legends and customs, which are appositely compared with those of Hindostan, for Miss Cumming followed up her "dreamy summer in the Western Isles" by a long tour in the Himalayas. Then come social and economical questions, with special reference to the crofters and the famine of last year.

We gladly welcome Mr. J. W. F. Rogers's "Grammar and Logic of the Nineteenth Century" (London: Trübner; Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide: Robertson), dedicated as it is "to the members of all English-speaking Universities." Mr. Rogers has been in no hurry to publish. Six years ago he submitted his work to men well qualified to judge, and obtained a favourable verdict. When we remember that Dr. Bromby and Professor M. H. Irving are at Melbourne, and that so distinguished a Cambridge man as Mr. J. B. Wilson is Head Master of Geelong Grammar School, we feel that a book by a Sydney School Inspector has an interest of its own. Mr. Rogers's treatment of his subject, moreover, is interesting in its novelty. He is a little too pugnacious, going out of his way to pulverise Dr. Morell, Dr. Latham, and Dr. Sullivan. Even Horne Tooke does not come off scot-free. It is a very hard thing to define a verb, and the phrase "parts of speech" is full of ambiguity. Some one in New Zealand or at Harvard will be finding fault with Mr. Rogers's definition: "A verb is a word which, with a noun or pronoun, can form a sentence." On logic Mr. Rogers is very complete, ranging from Port Royal to Sir W. Hamilton, and King, and Dr. Brownson. By and by, we shall have an Australasian Admirable Crichton nailing his English thesis on the gates of English-speaking Universities, even as his prototype used to nail his Latin challenge on those of mediæval Schools.

Mrs. Lynn-Linton has republished in two volumes, under the general title of "The Girl of the Period" (R. Bentley and Son), her famous essays, contributed some years ago to the *Saturday Review*. To read them in volume form is to have a striking instance of the ephemeral nature of even the most brilliant journalistic successes, if they are not distinguished by their literary charm, or based upon some abiding view of human nature. "The essays," says Mrs. Lynn-Linton in her preface, "hit sharply enough at the time." They were the talk of the town. Several persons claimed to have written them; and the real authoress was herself twice introduced in society to "The author of 'The Girl of the Period.'" But in reading the essays now, we find ourselves skipping first paragraphs, and then pages, and finally turning to the list of contents and selecting only those pieces which have the spiciest titles. Despite their observation, their shrewd analysis of social life, their keen satirical strokes, their earnest upholding of a fine type of womanhood, it is felt that the interest is remote.

Every Girl's Annual (Routledge and Sons), edited by Miss Alicia A. Leith, makes a good present for a child. Its illustrations, both coloured and black-and-white, are unusually good; and the letterpress is varied and interesting.

The yearly volume of the *Art Journal* (Virtue and Co.) makes a handsome book for the library or for presentation. It contains twelve etchings, eleven line engravings, nine *fac similes*, and four engravings from sculpture, besides a quantity of attractive letterpress.

Vol. II. of "Picturesque Europe—The British Isles" (Cassell and Co.) is distinguished by the number and excellence of its wood and steel engravings. The present volume includes illustrations of Oxford and Cambridge, of Old English Homes, the West Coast of Ireland, the South Coast of Devonshire, the Lake Country, &c.

"Walnuts and Wine," edited by Augustus M. Moore (Strand Publishing Co.), the latest of the Christmas Numbers, is pleasantly got up in an attractive cover.—Messrs. Charles Lee and Co., of Milton Street, E.C., send a good selection of Christmas cards.

A useful Standard Chart of the British Empire has been published by Mr. A. Johnston. It shows by means of various fairly-sized maps the numerous British possessions and colonies. It has been prepared to meet the wishes of the Education Department, and in accordance with the Code. The drawing of each map, the publisher tells us, has been compiled from the latest and most trustworthy information. The population of each county is given from the last census, the railways from information specially acquired, the coast lines have been drawn from the latest Admiralty charts, and the connection by submarine cables is carefully shown. Altogether the map is most useful for the library, the office, and the schoolroom.



MESSRS. RICORDI.—The Christmas-tide publications from this firm are always noteworthy; this season they are quite up to their high reputation. Four volumes specially devoted to the festive season are: "The Christmas Morn," written and composed by Henry Hersee and J. Burgmeier; the illustrations from the clever pencil of Alfredo Edel. The work is divided into four parts—a "Shepherds' Chorus," a "Pastorale," as a pianoforte solo; "Arrival of the Magi;" and "Chorus in Praise of the Babe of Bethlehem;" both in conception and development there is much originality in this little volume.—Last year's great favourite, "Le Roman de Pierrot et de Pierrette par J. Burgmeier," will again delight small children, as well as those of mature growth.—"Les Saisons Enfantines," words by George Mengeot, music by Albert Renaud, is divided into four parts, each containing three months; the music arranged as easy vocal solos and duets; the illustrations by Alfred Edel are very amusing, and the colouring is delicate and refined, as is the case with all works issued by Messrs. Ricordi.—"Par les Champs et par les Grèves" contains twelve pieces for the pianoforte by Georges Pfeiffer, to each piece of which is a graceful one-page illustration.—A very welcome gift to the admirers of Verdi's music will be the new and revised edition of his opera, *Don Carlos*. Originally produced in five acts, the composer has wisely reduced this somewhat over lengthy work to four acts, a very great improvement; the text is in Italian.—A meet companion for the above is an excellent arrangement for the pianoforte, by M. Saladino, of A. Ponchielli's opera, *La Gioconda*.—M. Saladino has also arranged for the pianoforte the music of the grand ballet, "Excelsior," by R. Marengo; apart from its decorations and scenic effects this music is wanting in interest, and certainly lacks originality; there are some exceptions to this rule, and these pieces will doubtless be heard in the ball-room this season.—The most interesting contents of our budget are the collections of national songs, which will provide an abundant harvest of novelties for the concert-room and the drawing-room. The three prettily got-up volumes consist of "Eco della Lombardia," fifty popular songs of that country, arranged and edited by G. Gildini and G. Ricordi; "Eco della Sicilia," fifty popular songs arranged by F. P. Frontini, are of the same type, and equally interesting as the above; "Eco di Napoli," collected by Vincenzo de Meglio, contains a hundred national songs of that country in the original dialect, with translations into pure Italian.—From this firm come also a goodly collection of songs and ballads, all more or less worthy of praise. Two ballads, music by F. P. Tosti, may be ranked amongst his best compositions; they are "Aprile," words by R. E. Pagliari, and "Ave Maria," the English version by H. Millard, from the Italian of Carmel Errico. These songs are published in four keys.—Two very charming songs, music by Bucalossi, are "Best for Both," the pathetic words by Edward Oxenford, published in E flat and C, and "My Sweeter Self," a bright little vocal waltz, words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone.—By the same poet is a plaintive love song for a mezzo-soprano or baritone, "Unspoken Words," music by S. Gastaldon.—A pleasing sonnet is "Ricordati," written and composed by Lorenzo Stecchetti and Ciro Pinsuti, which a soprano or mezzo-soprano may make her own, as it is published in only one key.—"Dis Moi!" written and composed by L. Colucci and P. Clemente, for a tenor of medium compass, is a graceful song for the drawing-room which will probably win universal favour.—Well worthy of its popular composer is "Marguerite," music by L. Denza, words by Cora Sada Kennedy, published in four keys.—A bright and coquettish ballad is "The Coy Little Maid," a new version of a very old story, written and composed by E. Oxenford and Franz Abt.—"To the South Wind" is a fairly good song of medium compass, written and composed by Hastings Crossley.—F. Tito lo Posa has adapted J. Burgmeier's "La Valse des Parisiennes" to a pretty poem, "En Hamac," freely translated into French by Paul Solanges from the Italian of Mario de Fiori.—Messrs. Ricordi and Finzi have invented and patented a new instrument called "L'Armonipiano," the novel feature of which consists of an extra pedal styled *pedale à vibrations prolongées*. F. L. Liszt has transcribed the "Salve Maria" from Verdi's Opera, *Jerusalem*, to display the merits of this new invention.—A very graceful "Serenade" *pour piano par P. Clemente* merits to be learnt by heart for after-dinner performance.—"La Reine des Valse," by J. Burgmeier, will take a foremost place in the ranks of dance music for the winter season.

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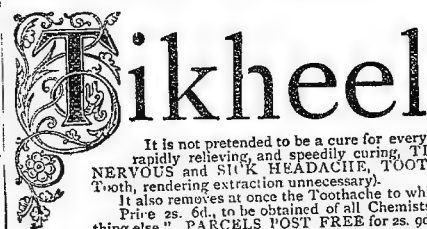


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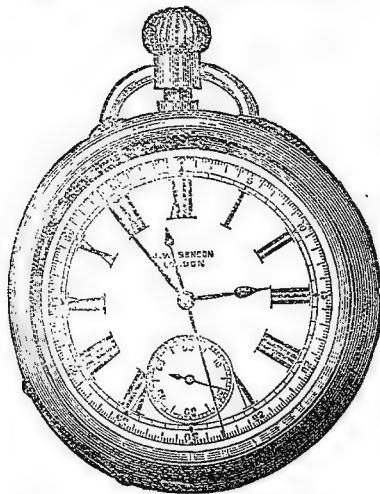
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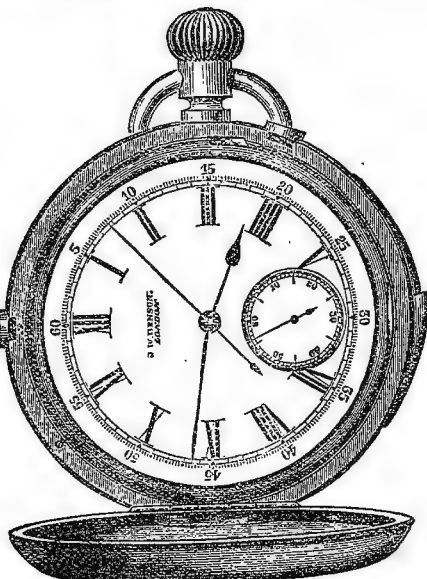
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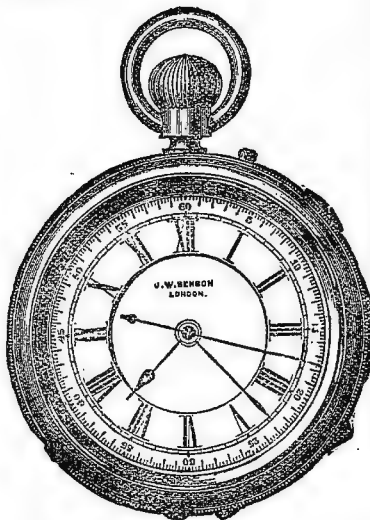
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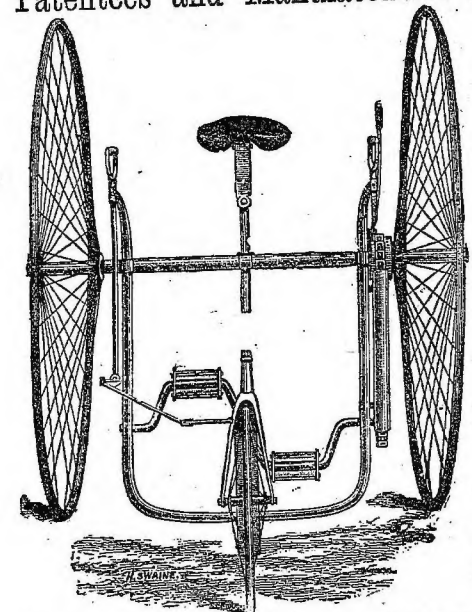
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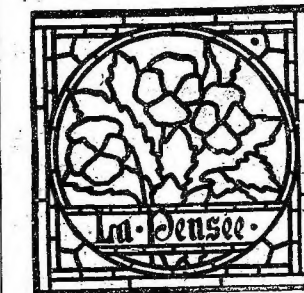
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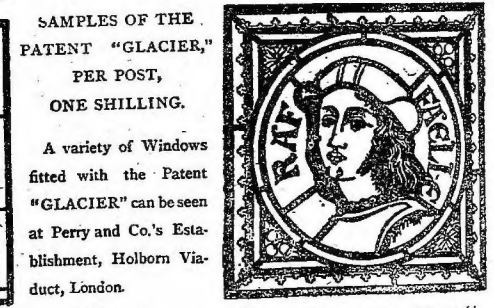


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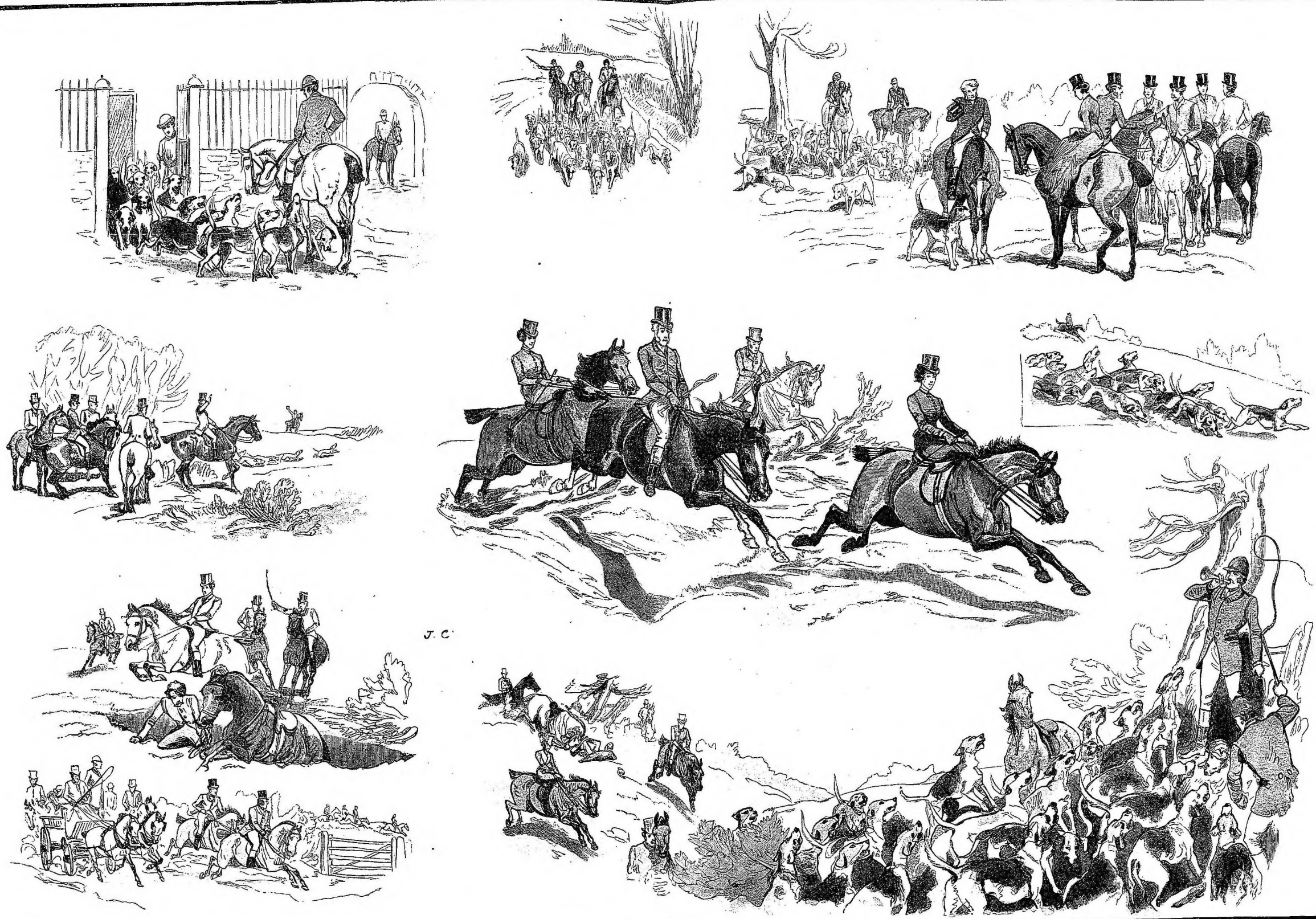
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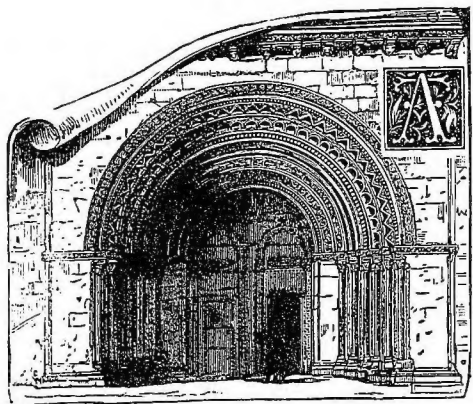
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